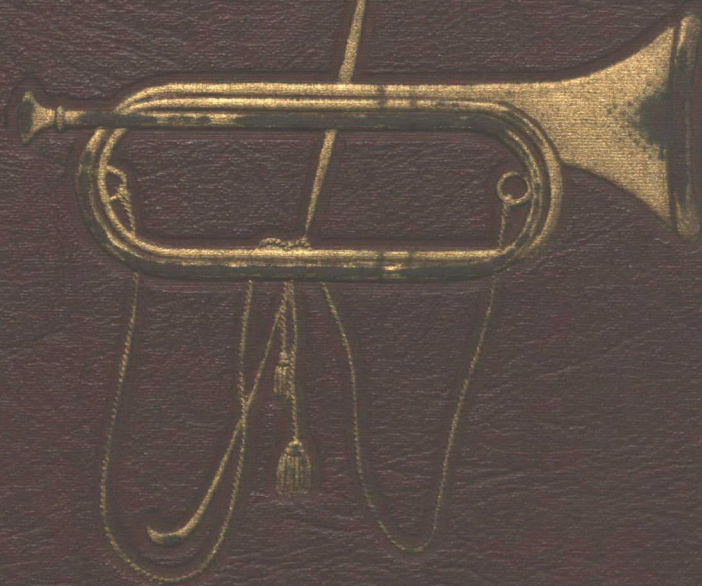


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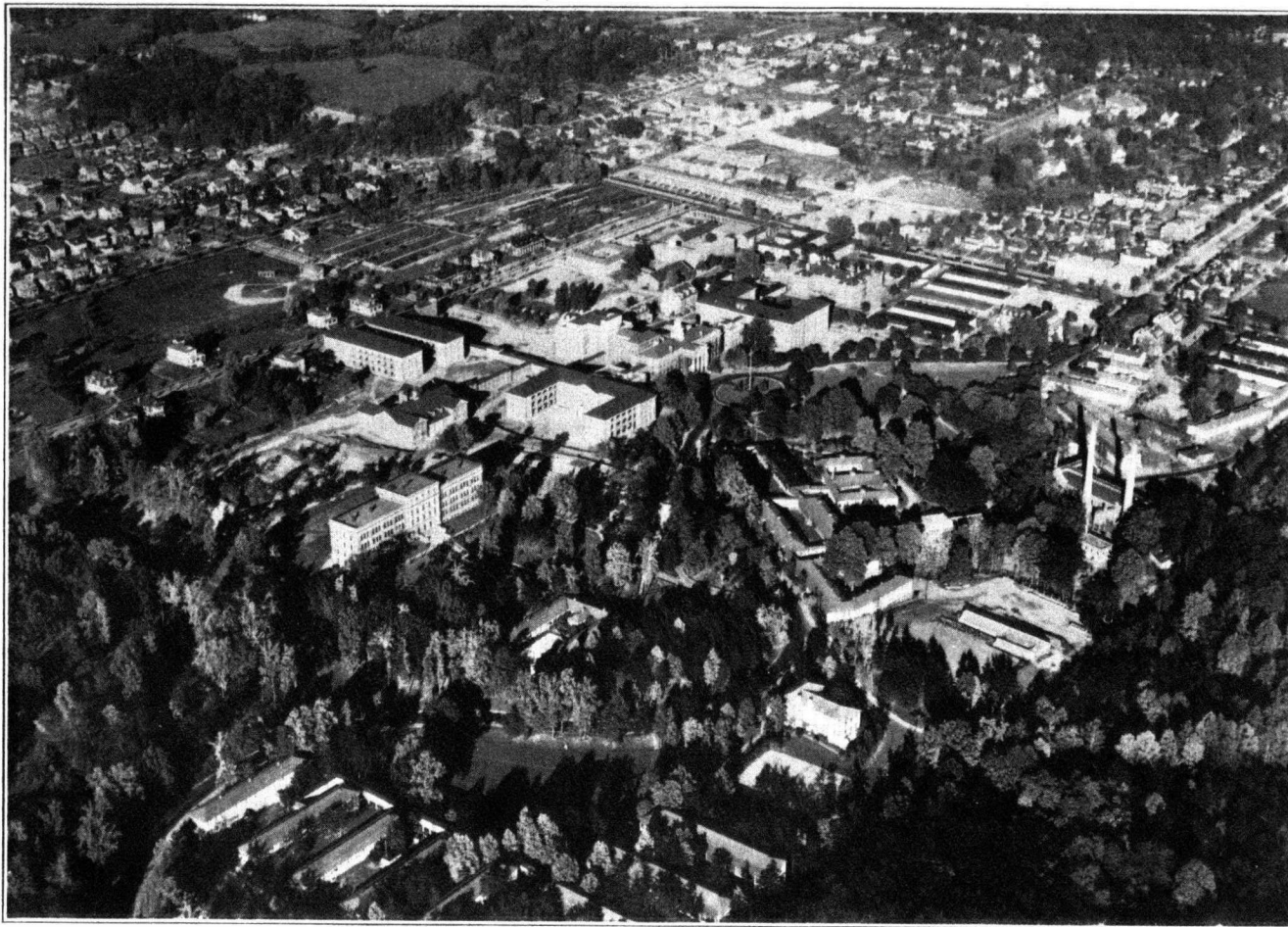












*Aeroplane View of the Army Medical Center*



# Army School of Nursing

Class of 1929



Walter Reed General Hospital

Washington, D. C.

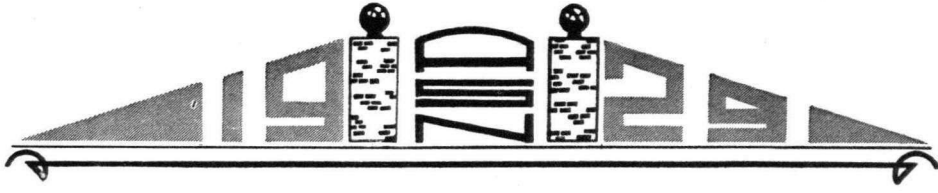












## Message from the Class President

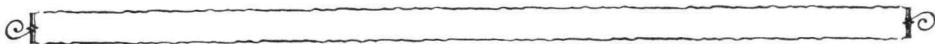
Vale! After three years of happiness and sorrow, joy and pain, we bid you farewell. Our work accomplished, we are prepared to leave your walls and embark upon the voyage for which we have been fitted. Originally forty-seven, we are now but forty-two, our companions having given up the struggle.

Vale! Ours is the satisfaction of work well done and of preparedness for the performance of any duty within the scope of the profession we have chosen. That is our present reward. What the future may bring to us depends upon our own efforts. The ability and opportunity to aid a suffering world have been and will continue to be given us. What greater pleasure can there be than that derived from helping others?

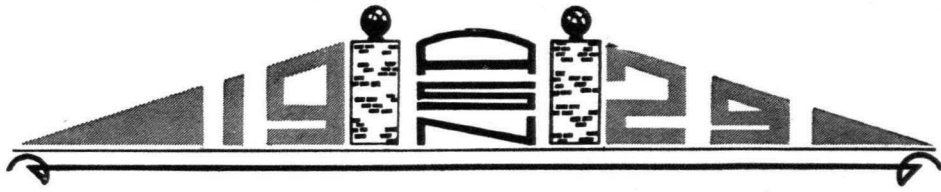
Vale! To the four corners of the earth we go in pursuit of duty. Mingled with our smiles and laughter are tears of sadness, for it is not easy to sever ties formed in three years of constant and close association. But no matter how many miles may separate us, we shall always be as one in our striving to maintain the principles so deeply inculcated within us. As one shall we be in our endeavor ever to reflect credit upon the great institution we are privileged to call our Alma Mater.

VALE!

LILA J. OLSON,  
President of the Class of 1929,  
*Army School of Nursing.*







## Dedication

To—

A woman—with a rare sense of humor,  
A teacher—with a kindly understanding of Youth,  
A friend—with the splendid loyalty of the soldier,

First Lieutenant Mary Winifred Tobin

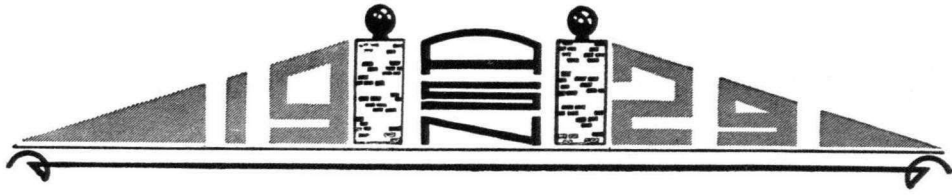
*Commandant Army School of Nursing.*

This book is affectionately dedicated by the  
Class of 1929.









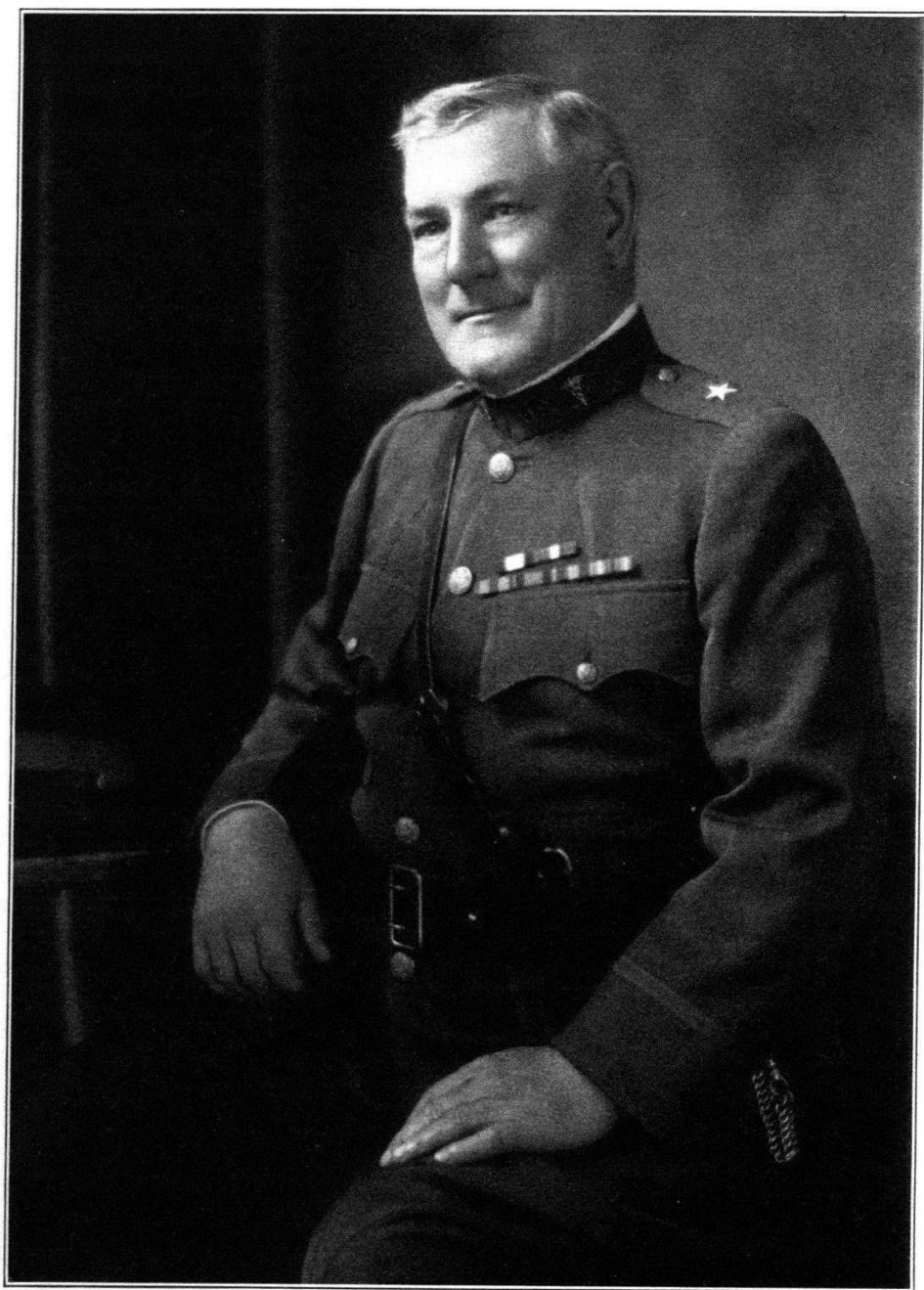
## Message from General Ireland

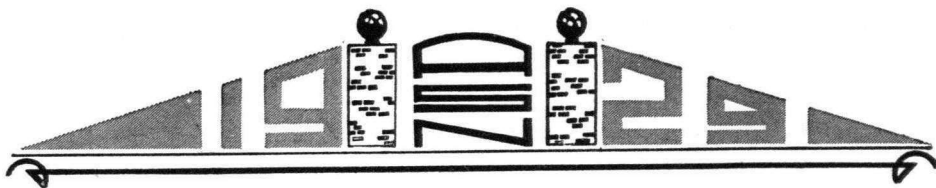
THERE is nothing in this world that gives as much satisfaction as the knowledge of personal service rendered to the afflicted. The profession which you have chosen gives unlimited opportunity for this satisfaction and you have prepared yourselves for your chosen profession in one of the best schools in the world. I trust your lives will be full of opportunities to do service for those less fortunate than yourselves.

MAJOR GENERAL MERRITTE W. IRELAND,

*The Surgeon General.*







## Message from General Kennedy

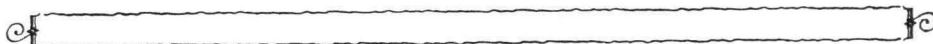
AS I think of you leaving our school to assume your professional responsibilities, many thoughts present themselves and I should like to leave with you that of social guidance to our youth. You are in a most special way ready to go into your communities and help formulate a scientific program of health and thereby serve your country in a way which will reflect credit upon the Army Medical Service.

The thought of guidance as a unitary function is not new. The problems which will face you overlap the fields of health, emotion, intellect, education, vocation, as well as religion. One of the leading educators of this country lays emphasis upon the fact that we deal with the individual in terms of his whole life; the aim in helping anyone is to stress the point where he is already strongest.

You have been with patients and know the things which touch life most closely. Your guidance should function. You have the means to help allay present-day unrest. You are equipped with special professional training. You have had the good fortune through your work here, and through affiliation with some of the best specialized services in the country, to acquire the techniques to render this worthwhile service. But more than this, we have given you those qualities which can be found only in a school of education.

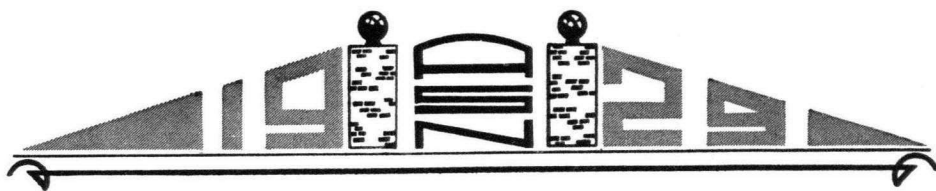
I have taken deep and personal interest in you as individuals and feel confident that you will not fail when you go from our school because you have measured up in a high degree in your daily tasks.

JAMES MADISON KENNEDY,  
Brigadier General, Medical Department, Commanding.









## Message from Major Stimson

### GREETINGS TO THE CLASS OF 1929:

**W**HAT are the best wishes I could wish for you as you leave the kindly shelter of the Army School of Nursing?

They are wishes that you think about yourselves in certain very definite terms. I would wish that you would put regular labels on yourselves. You all know how I believe in putting words and tickets on things, and thinking them over every once in a while.

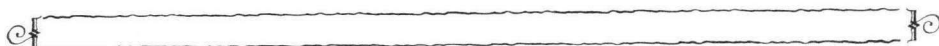
The *first* label that I would hope you would want is **GIVER**. When this is your rightful ticket how much is ahead of you—opportunity, friends, contentment. And what an amazing amount you have to give—youth, enthusiasm, skill, ideals, willingness to add your abilities to those of others that the whole may be more effective, desire to pass on the kindnesses that have guided you—and much more. The best wish I could hope for you is that this label of **GIVER** would fit.

A *second* label that I would hope you would want for yourselves is the title, **TEACHER OF HEALTH**. What a lot of self-control and knowledge it takes to live up to that label.

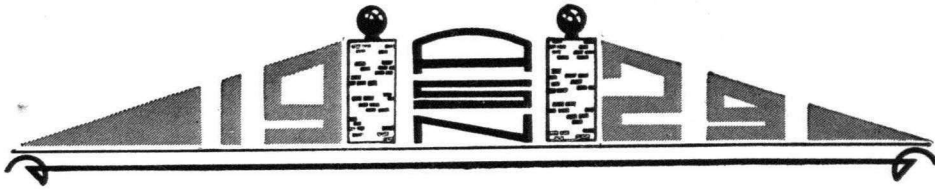
A *third* is **STUDENT**. If this word belongs on you what dissatisfaction there must be in your hearts and what determinations.

These are my best wishes which go to you with the fullest confidence in you and assurance of continuing interest in all that concerns each one of you, and deep affection.

JULIA C. STIMSON,  
Major, Army Nurse Corps, Superintendent,  
*Dean, Army School of Nursing.*







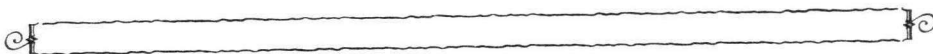
Message from Captain Flikke

TO THE MEMBERS OF  
THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1929:



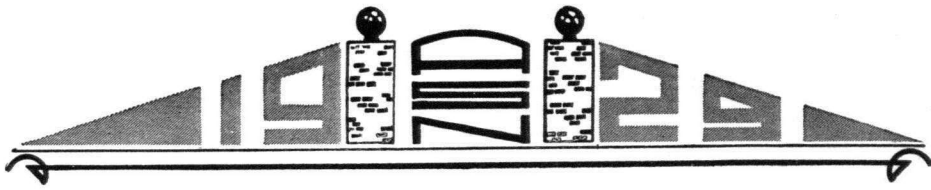
Congratulations and sincere good wishes for  
your future success and happiness.

JULIA O. FLIKKE,  
Asst. Supt. Army Nurse Corps,  
Superintendent of Nurses,  
*Walter Reed Hospital.*









## Message from Lieutenant Tobin

TO THE CLASS OF 1929:

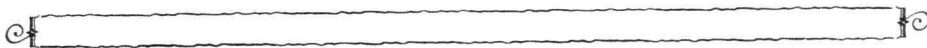


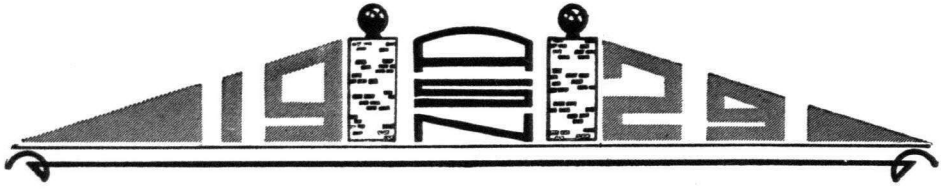
I shall always cherish the memories of those first days of my present position. Your spirit of help and co-operation, your minds so open to the thoughts and interests of others, your sympathetic understanding, which were then so apparent, have continued to grow and develop.

I extend to you my heartiest congratulations and love. May each of you have a happy, rich, and effective life.

Faithfully yours,

MARY W. TOBIN,  
1st Lieut., Chief Nurse, A. N. C.  
*Commandant, Army School of Nursing.*





FIRST LIEUT. RUTH I. TAYLOR  
*Instructor, Army School of Nursing*



FIRST LIEUT. L. GERTRUDE THOMPSON  
*Instructor, Army School of Nursing*



SECOND LIEUT. RUTH D. JOHNSON  
*Instructing Supervisor, Army School  
of Nursing*



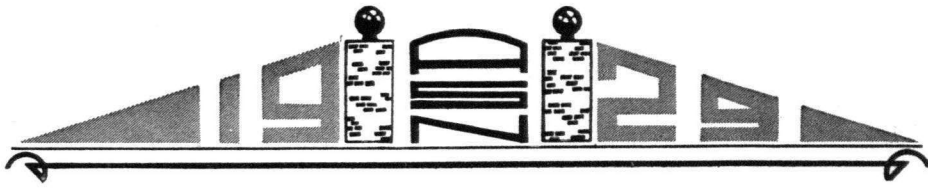
SECOND LIEUT. MYRTLE P. HODGKINS  
*Instructing Supervisor, Army School  
of Nursing*



*Miss Lawler, Superintendent of Nurses, Johns Hopkins Hospital*







Message from Mrs. Edith Oliver Rea

TO THE CLASS OF 1929:

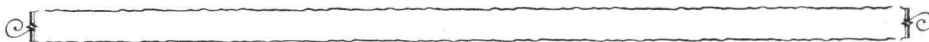


Again it is my pleasure to send greetings and every good wish to a class who have completed a course of training at Walter Reed General Hospital.

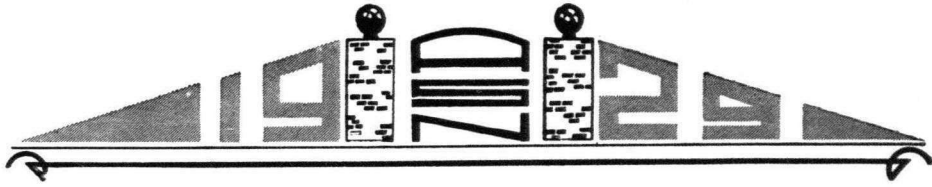
You have chosen a noble profession. May it be a blessing to you as well as to those you are called upon to serve.

Sincerely yours,

EDITH OLIVER REA.







## Message from Miss Goodrich

IT is indeed a privilege, dear members of the Class of 1929 of the Army School of Nursing, to extend a message of congratulation upon the successful completion of your course and to welcome you to our profession. The first chapter of the adventure upon which you embarked three years ago has now been written and you are wistfully conning its pages.

The impressive buildings of Walter Reed that you approached quite dubiously have become so dear to you that their place within the precincts of sacred memories is assured. If, with the soundings of "Taps" these beloved doors must now close upon you, remember a world of need is calling for your beautiful and capable hands and your understanding minds. That the coming chapters of this age-old quest may be as replete with interest as the first, is my best wish for you.

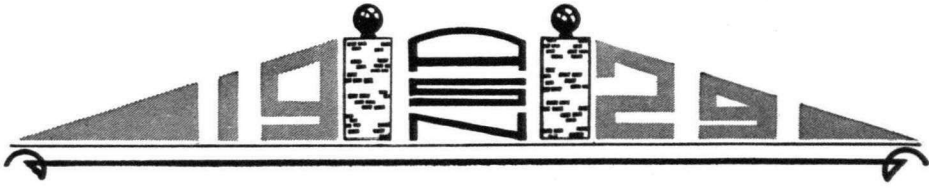
Faithfully yours,

ANNIE W. GOODRICH.









## Message from Miss Melby

TO THE CLASS OF 1929, ARMY SCHOOL OF NURSING:

*My dear Students:*

Years glide by so swiftly that it is indeed difficult to realize that 1929 marks the graduation from the Army School of Nursing of the last class with whom I had the honor and the pleasure of working and serving.

It is a matter of pride and satisfaction to know that you are now prepared to merge with that larger army on duty in the world-wide field of "human engineering." The orders awaiting you will be to add through untiring efforts your contributions to the already notable achievements of your fellow associates. In the evolution of human welfare the immensity of the task is commensurate to the vastness of the field, and to each worker is given enduring joy in the satisfaction of service.

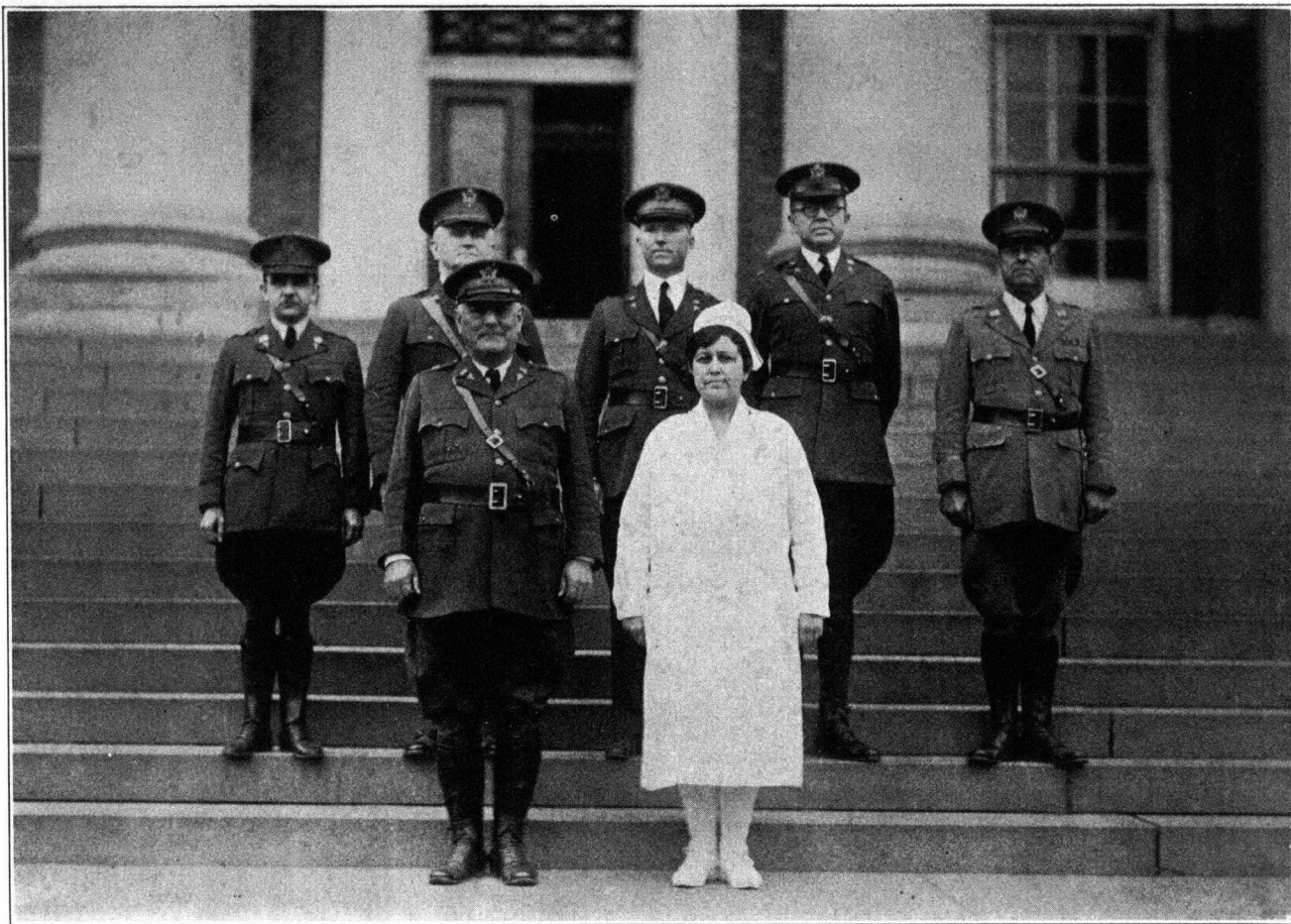
Occasionally there are those among us who work with clearer vision, leaders whose ideals we fuse with ours when we endeavor to make their thoughts our guiding principles. From the lectures of such a leader, a master philosopher of science and religion, I have selected my message to you. In "Evolution in Science and Religion," by Robert Andrew Milliken we read:

"Through the careful study of the way the rocks lie on our hillsides, we have found evidence for the growth of this earth through a billion years at the least. Through the study of radio-activity and other physical processes we have found definite evidence that the world is evolving and changing all the time, even in its chemical elements. By a minute study of the comparative anatomies of all kinds of animals and by the reading of the history of life through fossils we have found evidence of progression, evidence of a continuous movement from the lower up to the higher forms, and through the study of history and the observation of what is going on under our eyes at the present time a new conception, *a conception of progress, has entered the thought of the world*, a progress in which we play an important part, a progress the key to which is to considerable extent, at least, in our own hands. The picture which the development of science and the scientific method has brought into the world of a continual increase in control over environment is the dominant note in the fourth stage in the evolution of religion. No conception of God which has ever come into human thinking has been half so productive of effort on the part of man to change bad conditions as has this new modern conception of progress, this conception which man himself plays a part in the scheme of evolution, this conception. . . . inevitably introduced into human thinking by the stupendous strides which have been made in the last century, that there are perhaps limitless possibilities ahead through the use of the scientific method for the enrichment of life and the development of the race."

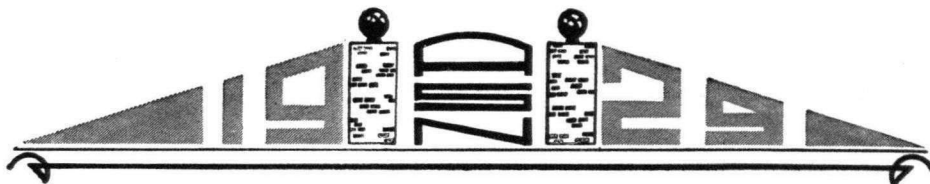
Very sincerely,

ELIZABETH MELBY.





*Officers of Administration, Walter Reed General Hospital*



## FACULTY OF ADMINISTRATION

MAJ. GEN. MERRITTE W. IRELAND,  
*The Surgeon General*

COL. CARL R. DARNALL,  
*Medical Corps, Executive Officer, Surgeon General's Office*

MAJ. JULIA C. STIMSON,  
*Superintendent, Army Nurse Corps, Dean, Army School of Nursing*

### ARMY MEDICAL CENTER

#### *Headquarters*

BRIG. GEN. JAMES M. KENNEDY,  
*Medical Department, Commanding*

MAJ. ROBERT W. KERR,  
*Medical Corps, Executive Officer*

CAPT. RALPH E. MURRELL,  
*Medical Corps, Adjutant*

### WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL

BRIG. GEN. JAMES M. KENNEDY.....	<i>Commanding</i>
MAJ. WILLIAM L. SHEEP, M. C.....	<i>Executive Officer</i>
COL. WILLIAM L. KELLER, M. C.....	<i>Chief of Surgical Service</i>
MAJ. ERNEST R. GENTRY, M. C.....	<i>Chief of Medical Service</i>
CAPT. GEORGE C. YOUNG, M. A. C.....	<i>Adjutant</i>
CAPT. JULIA O. FLIKKE, A. N. C.....	<i>Assistant, Supt. of Nurses</i>

### ARMY SCHOOL OF NURSING

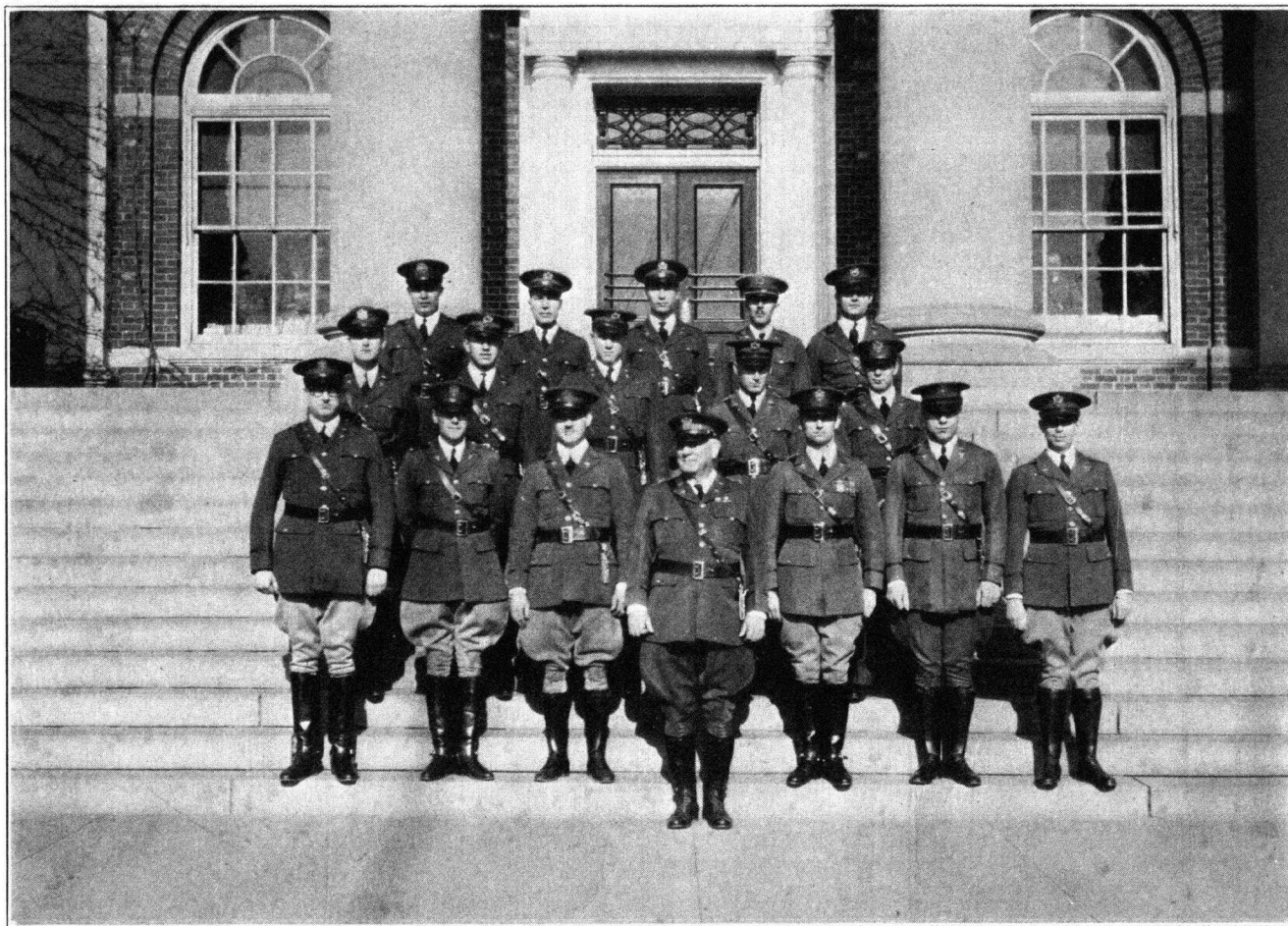
#### *Faculty of Instruction*

FIRST LIEUT. MARY W. TOBIN,  
*Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps*  
*Commandant, Army School of Nursing*

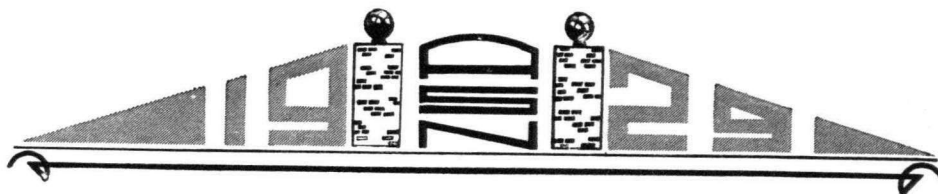
FIRST LIEUT. RUTH I. TAYLOR,  
*Chief Nurse, Army Nurse Corps*  
*Instructor, Army School of Nursing*

SECOND LIEUT. MYRTLE P. HODGKINS,  
*Instructing Supervisor, Army School of Nursing*

SECOND LIEUT. RUTH D. JOHNSON,  
*Instructing Supervisor, Army School of Nursing*



*General Kennedy and the Internes*



## OFFICERS OF INSTRUCTION

COLONEL WILLIAM L. KELLER, M. C.	<i>Director of Surgical Instruction and Clinics</i>
LT. COLONEL CHARLES F. CRAIG, M. C.	<i>Director, Department of Preventive Medicine and Clinical Pathology</i>
MAJOR ERNEST R. GENTRY, M. C.	<i>Director of Medical Instruction and Clinics</i>
MAJOR GEORGE M. EDWARDS, M. C.	<i>Roentgenology</i>
MAJOR ADAM E. SCHLANSER, M. C.	<i>Oto-Rhino-Laryngology</i>
MAJOR JOHN W. MEEHAN, M. C.	<i>Sanitary Science</i>
MAJOR AUSTIN J. CANNING, M. C.	<i>Principles of Surgery</i>
MAJOR HARRY D. OFFUTT, M. C.	<i>Physiotherapy; Occupational Therapy</i>
MAJOR CHARLES G. SINCLAIR, M. C.	<i>Microbiology and Pathology</i>
MAJOR OSCAR P. SNYDER, D. C.	<i>Oral Manifestations of Local and Systemic Diseases; Odontology</i>
MAJOR CYRUS B. WOOD, M. C.	<i>Chemistry</i>
MAJOR ASA M. LEHMAN, M. C.	<i>Gynecology; Obstetrics</i>
MAJOR ROY E. FOX, M. C.	<i>Urology and Venereal Diseases</i>
MAJOR ROBERT B. HILL, M. C.	<i>Amputations and Orthopedic Conditions</i>
MAJOR GEORGE F. AYCOCK, M. C.	<i>Communicable Diseases</i>
MAJOR WARD S. WELLS, M. C.	<i>General Medicine</i>
MAJOR FRANK D. FRANCIS, M. C.	<i>Communicable Diseases; Dermatology</i>
CAPTAIN LYNN H. TINGAY, D. C.	<i>Oral Hygiene</i>
CAPTAIN FRANK MCA. MOOSE, M. C.	<i>Empyema</i>
CAPTAIN JAMES B. ANDERSON, M. C.	<i>Diet in Disease; General Medicine</i>
CAPTAIN CHARLES R. LANAHAN, M. C.	<i>Neuro-Surgery</i>
CAPTAIN LAWRENCE B. PILSBURY, M. C.	<i>The Psychoneuroses and Methods of Handling Patients</i>
CAPTAIN ROY F. BROWN, M. C.	<i>Ophthalmology</i>
CAPTAIN CLYDE W. SCOGIN, D. C.	<i>Oral Surgery; Oral Focal Infections</i>
CAPTAIN CHARLES R. MUELLER, M. C.	<i>General Medicine; Diet in Disease</i>
CAPTAIN CLARENCE M. REDDIG, M. C.	<i>Elements of Administration</i>
CAPTAIN JOHN F. LIEBERMAN, M. C.	<i>Materia Medica</i>
CAPTAIN JOSEPH F. GALLAGHER, M. C.	<i>Anesthesia; Bandaging</i>
CAPTAIN HAROLD W. KINDERMAN, M. C.	<i>Septic Surgery; Emergency Nursing (Surgical)</i>
CAPTAIN OTIS B. SCHREUDER, M. C.	<i>Emergency Nursing (Medical)</i>
LIEUT. STANTON K. LIVINGSTON, M. C.	<i>Drill and Transportation of Patients</i>
LIEUT. L. GERTRUDE THOMPSON, A. N. C.	<i>Operating Room Technique</i>
HELEN BURNS	<i>Practical Dietetics</i>
EMMA E. VOGEL	<i>Physiotherapy</i>
ALBERTA MONTGOMERY	<i>Occupational Therapy</i>





*The Red Cross Staff*



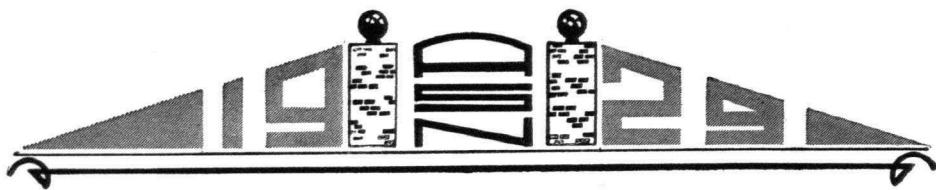
## SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

*President*.....LILA J. OLSON

*Vice-President*.....WINIFRED F. WILSON

*Secretary*.....M. GENEVIEVE PHILLIPS

*Treasurer*.....MALVINA M. GRIEVES



RUTH H. AUSTIN

*Red Oak, Iowa*



M. HELEN BAIER

*Williamsport, Pennsylvania*



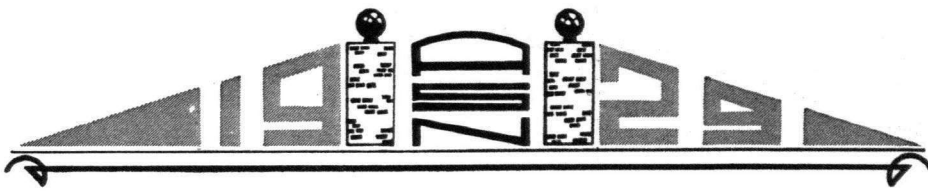
DOROTHY E. BRADSHAW

*Ignacio, Colorado*



EDNA F. BRUNTLETT

*Gliddon, Iowa*



ISOBEL CHASE

*Mexico, Missouri*



BRIGHTIE M. CHENOWETH

*Lebanon, Ohio*



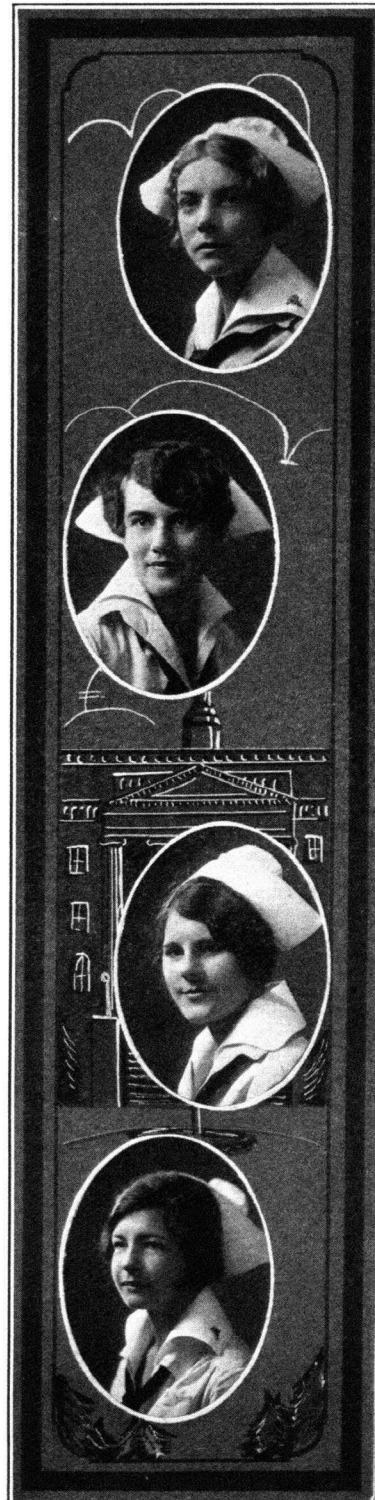
MARY V. COTTINGHAM

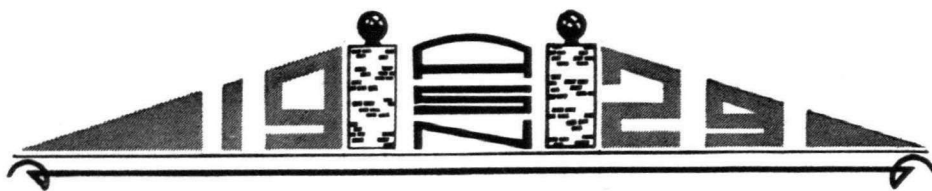
*Henderson, North Carolina*



DOROTHY D. DARBY

*Fort Leavenworth, Kansas*





VERA D. DARK  
*New Orleans, Louisiana*



MARGARET M. GARVIN  
*Marion, Ohio*

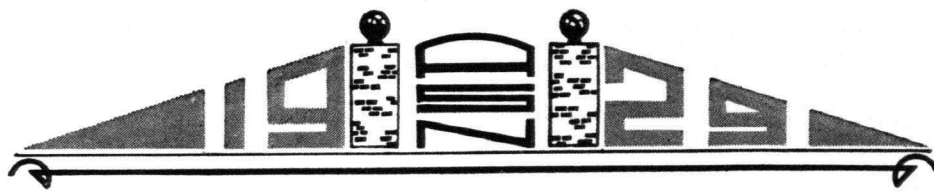


MALVINA M. GRIEVES  
*Providence, Rhode Island*



MILDRED C. GRUNDMEYER  
*Sleepy Eye, Minnesota*





F. DOROTHEA HARDIN

*Easton, Maryland*



ALICE M. HAUGHWOUT

*Manila, Philippine Islands*



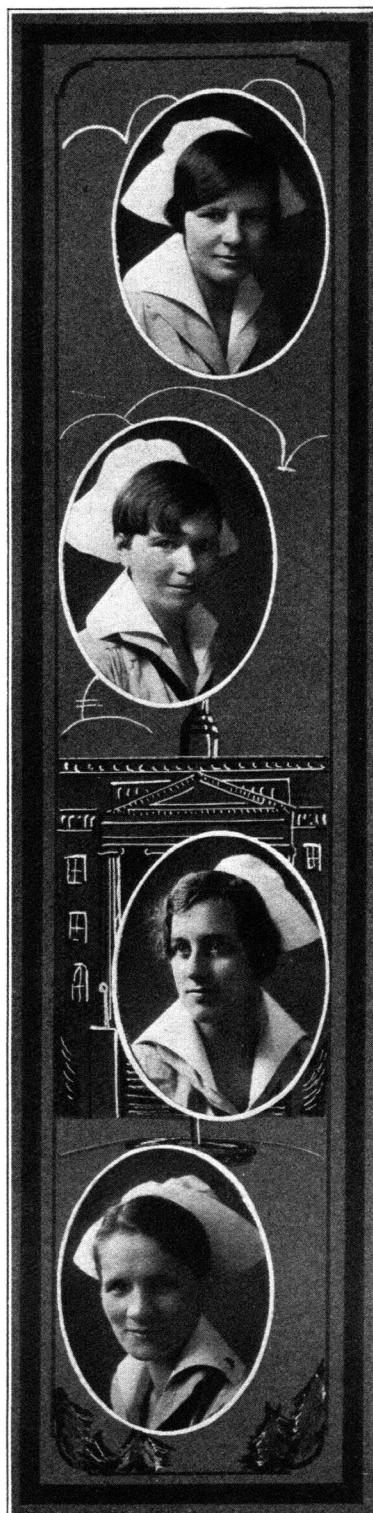
BEATRICE L. HENRY

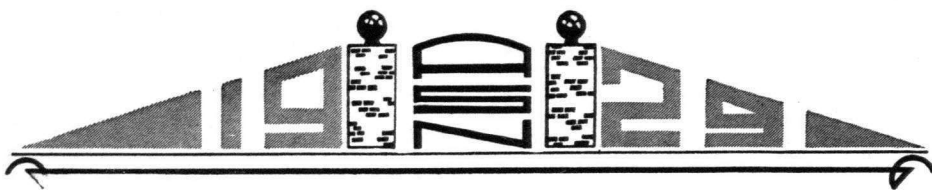
*Brockton, Massachusetts*



HELMI H. HOLM

*St. Ignace, Michigan*





GRACE E. HOUSEL

*Northumberland, Pennsylvania*



VIRGINIA L. HUBBARD

*Easton, Maryland*



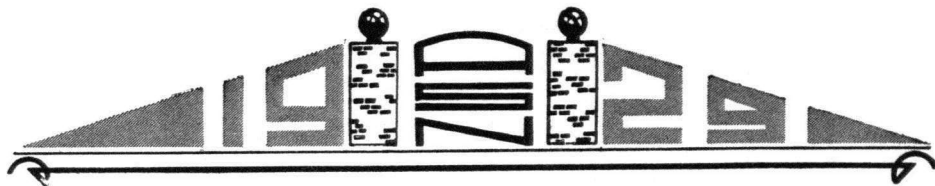
ALMA L. JAKOUBEK

*Phillips, Wisconsin*



REBECCA H. JEFFERSON

*Federalsburg, Maryland*



MARGARET A. JOINVILLE

*Hampton, Virginia*



KATHERINE JOLLIFFE

*Boyce, Virginia*



HELEN J. JURASH

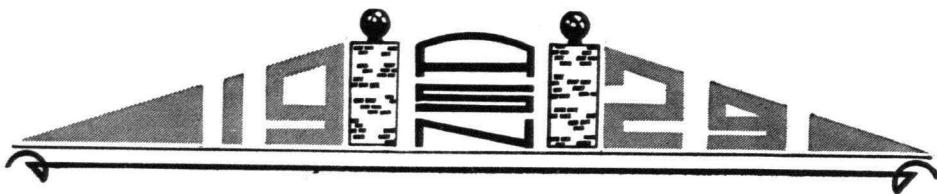
*Washington, D. C.*



ELLEN KANGAS

*Hancock, Michigan*





REGINA F. LANDGRAFF

*Grafton, Pennsylvania*



JESSIE E. LOCKE

*Norfolk, Virginia*



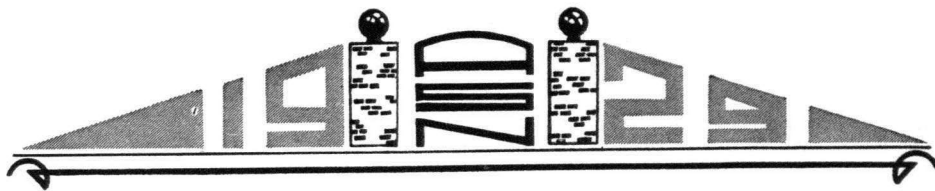
ELVA M. McCALMON

*Portland, Maine*



LOUISE MILLER

*Waxahachie, Texas*



RUTH E. NESBIT  
*Connellsville, Pennsylvania*



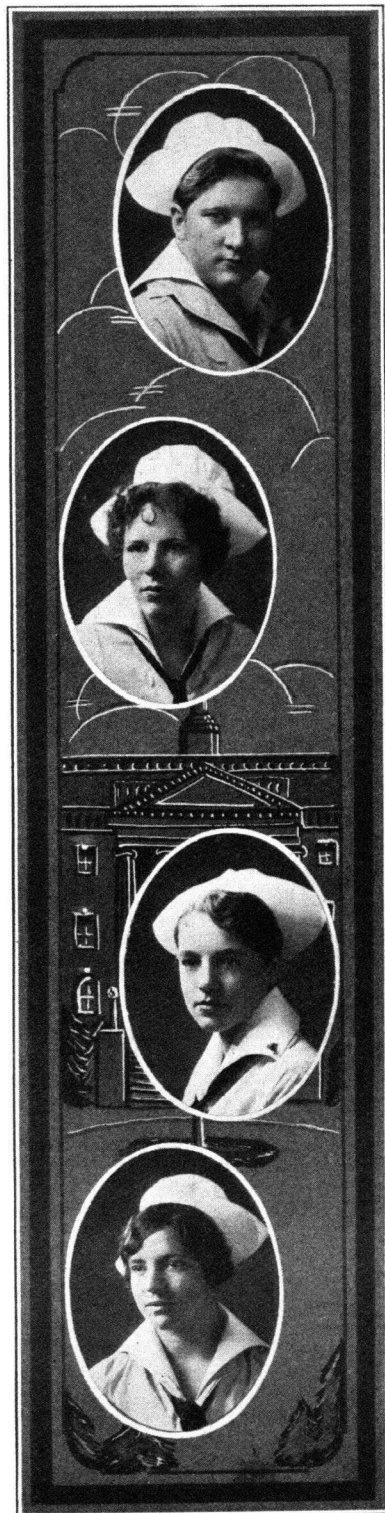
LOUISE V. NICHOLS  
*Lebanon, Ohio*

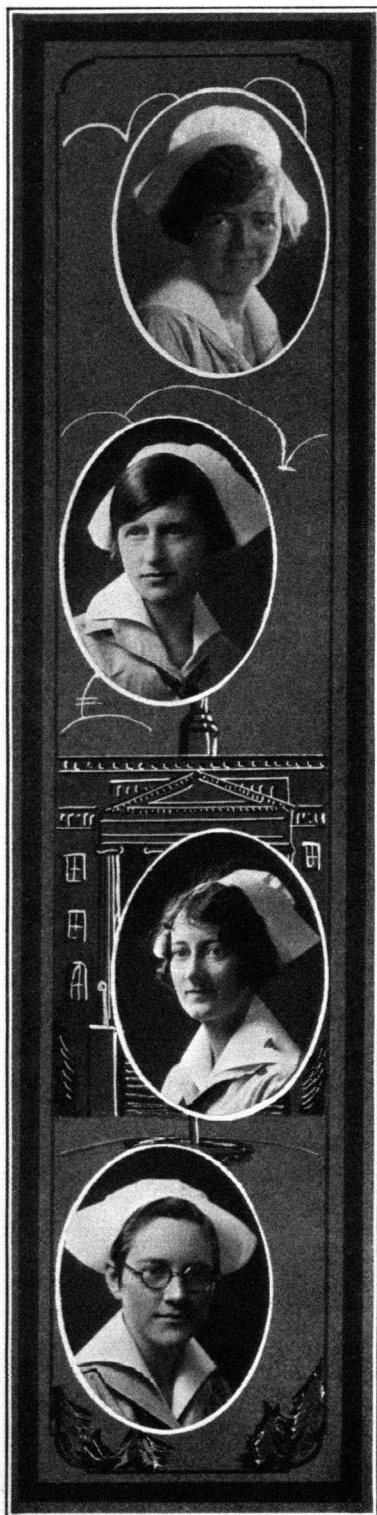
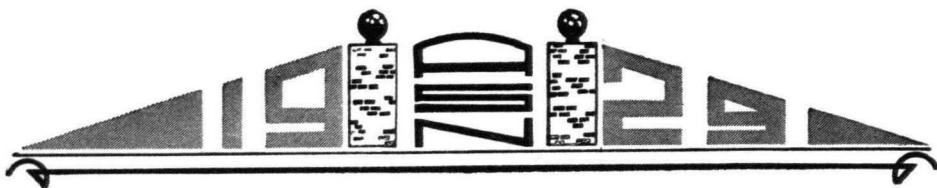


LILA OLSON  
*Marietta, Minnesota*



AILI M. PANTTI  
*Rumely, Michigan*





M. GENEVIEVE PHILLIPS

*Reedsburg, Wisconsin*



CLAIRE E. POUCHEE

*Evansville, Indiana*



DOROTHY D. PURNELL

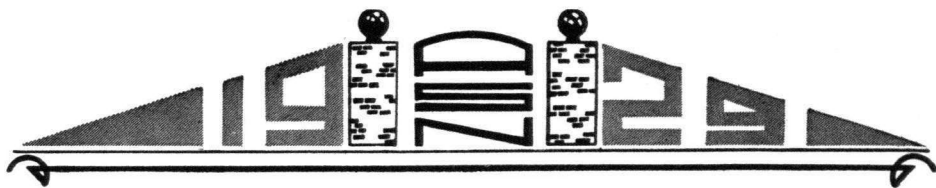
*Berlin, Maryland*



BETTY B. RAY

*Happy Creek, Virginia*





LaVENIA J. RECTOR

*Leavenworth, Kansas*



MARY M. SAUSER

*O'Neill, Nebraska*



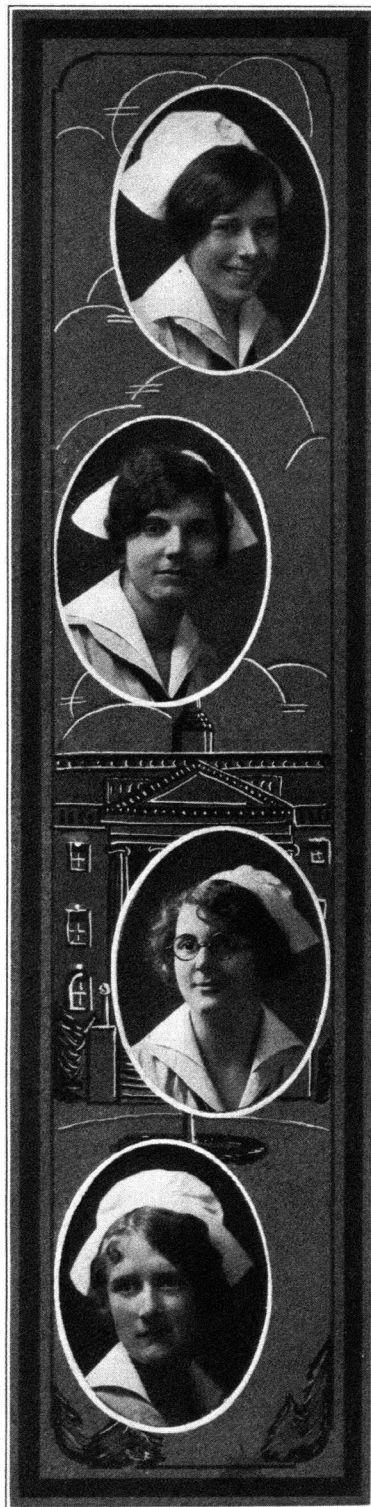
S. ANNIS SPIVEY

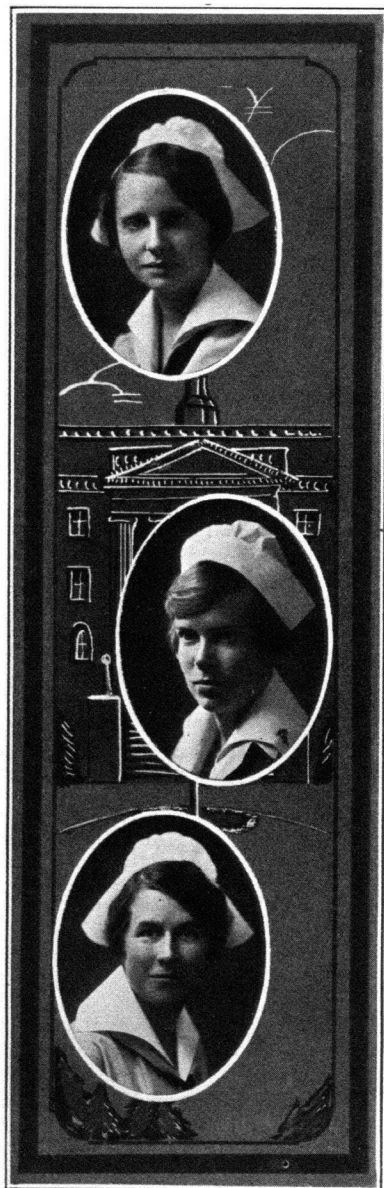
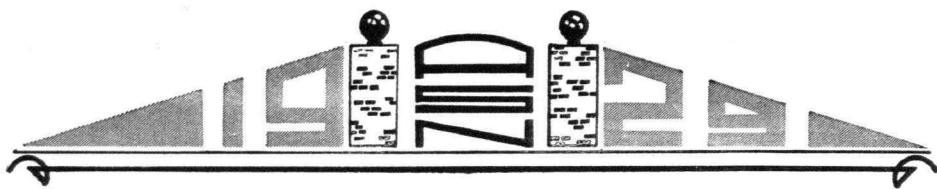
*Spring Hope, North Carolina*



HATTIE A. WHITE

*Bealeton, Virginia*





ELIZABETH K. WILLIAMS

*Berlin, Maryland*



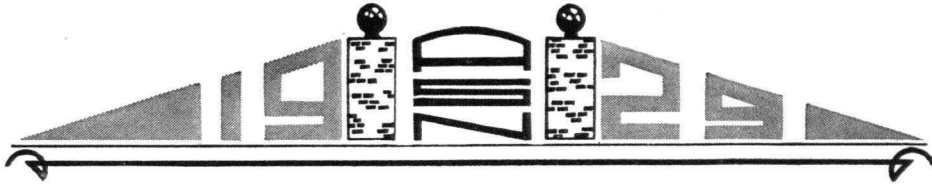
NORA LEE WILLIAMS

*Louisville, Kentucky*



WINIFRED F. WILSON

*Warrior's Mark, Pennsylvania*



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*In Memoriam*

*Tom S. Mebane*

Major, Medical Corps, U. S. Army  
Chief, Section of Orthopedic Surgery,  
Walter Reed General Hospital

*Born*

Pennsylvania, June 4, 1888

*Died*

Walter Reed General Hospital,  
Washington, D. C.

June 10, 1928

## In Memoriam



## Mac

"Mac, do your feet hurt?" some member of the class of '28 would innocently ask as Mac would come trudging wearily up the corridor in Quarters II.

The reaction desired was quickly gained for Mac's jaw would set like a steel trap, her blue eyes would grow wider and one would be assured beyond the possibility of a doubt that first, last and all the time—Mac's feet hurt!

Sunny hair, meticulously groomed, wide blue eyes and baby skin—that was Mac. To us who knew her intimately, there were many things more. Possessing an unusual gift of mimicry she could throw a roomful of classmates into paroxysms of laughter. Which of us does not recall her imitation of the nurse on the telephone speaking in affected tones and grammar which would scarcely have won Mr. Hoenshel's clearance?

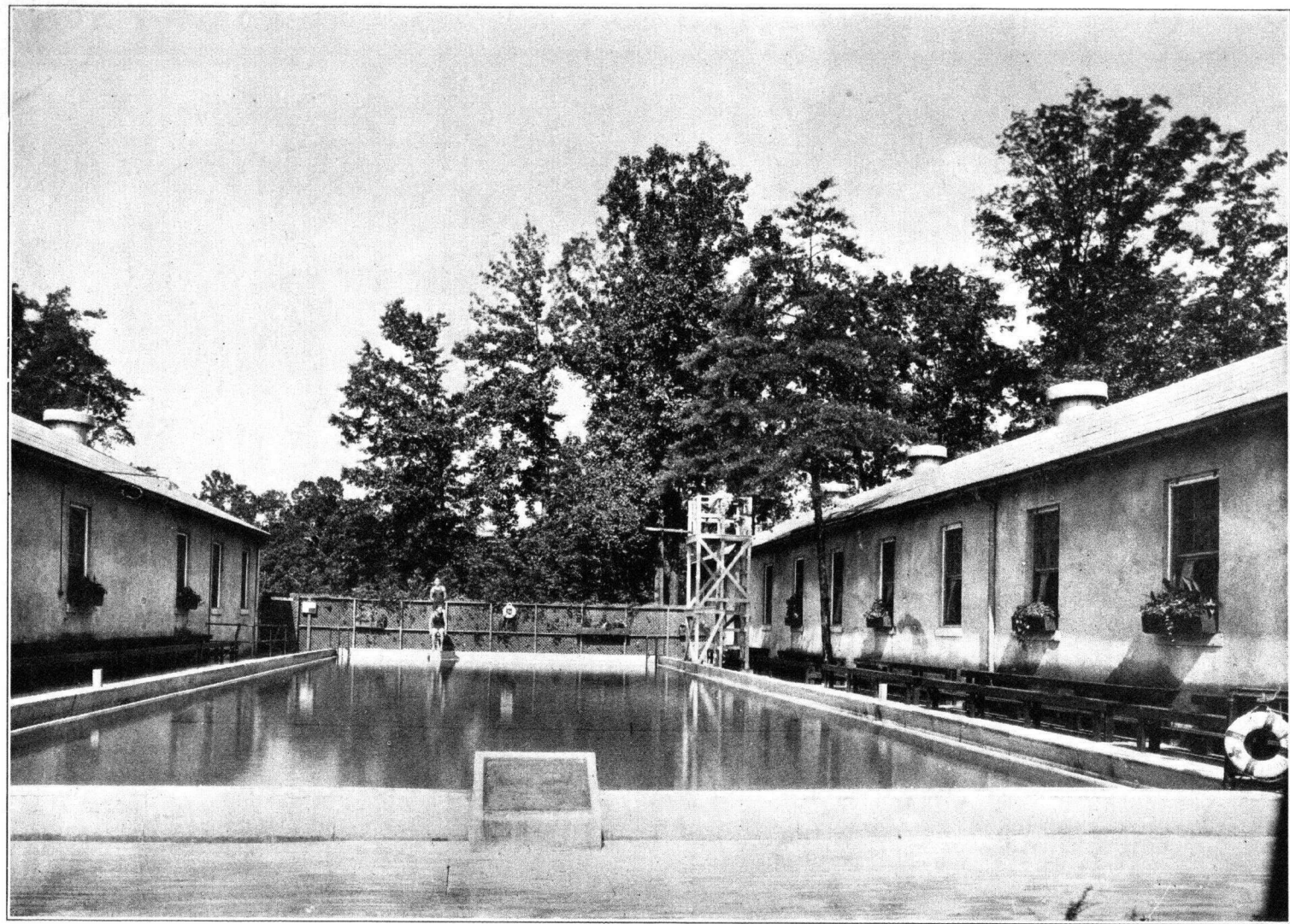
Keeness of perception was hers in a superlative degree. Nights before examination she would casually file her nails while notes on the lectures were read aloud—and pass higher than those of us of more clumsy minds.

Her love of home, her ready wit, her funny songs and unheard of similes and lastly her love of music are all identical with Mac.

In Quarters II there is a victrola which makes one wonder, if after all, there isn't something to this perpetual motion idea and sometimes when Nick Lucas, Al Jolson and Paul Whiteman have done treble duty for the evening, Chris puts on Liszt's *Liebestraum*. We become a little awed and silent. It was Mac's favorite.

Of her long illness and untimely passing, we are reluctant to touch on. In recalling her, we visualize the Mac who laughed, danced and worked with us and who still remains too intimate and vital a memory to associate with that which still seems incongruous.

Ann Dunlay, '28.





## CLASS OF 1930

Della A. Austin	Washington, D. C.
Rachel B. Abraham	Canandaigua, N. Y.
Clara E. Baker	Portsmouth, Ohio
Virginia Cameron	Hyattsville, Md.
M. Elizabeth Cockrell	Connellsville, Pa.
Elizabeth S. Evenson	Sparta, Wisconsin
Mary Virginia Evenson	Sparta, Wisconsin
Lucy Fairfax Frazier	Stephens City, Va.
Mabel C. Sibley	Onamia, Minn.
Catherine Ullom	O'Neill, Neb.
Allison F. Young	Chicago, Ill.
Catherine Baya	Augustine, Fla.
Reba L. Bess	Hinton, W. Va.
Lillian Bolt	Williamsport, Pa.
Alice Claiborne	Lynchburg, Va.
Thelma Cole	Westernport, Md.
Mary Duff	Lawrenceville, Ill.
Isabel Eldridge	Mt. Holly, N. J.
Virginia M. Fouche	Round Bay, Md.
Inez Funderburg	Springfield, Ohio
Helen M. Graham	Philadelphia, Pa.
Mildred A. Grosjean	Scott City, Kansas
Mary J. Head	Waverly, Ky.
Verlie E. Heimsath	North Madison, Ind.
Maxine E. Hoskins	Lake Mills, Wis.
Ann Mary Jones	King George, Va.
Aurora M. Karvi	Hancock, Mich.
Esther Kaufman	Lebanon, Ohio
Alice R. Kingsbury	Redlands, Cal.
Anne K. Landgraff	Crafton, Pa.
Mary Madden	Lancaster, Pa.
Falice Marks	Sparrows Point, Md.
Mary M. Marshall	Front Royal, Va.
Alice L. Osgood	Cazenovia, N. Y.
Mary L. Palmer	Milton, N. C.
Lenore M. Parry	Allentown, Pa.
Doris L. Rupert	Cumberland, Md.
Catherine M. Sagrario	Washington, D. C.
Anne Savage	Trafford, Ala.
Ella E. Sites	Kearneysville, W. Va.
Eleanor M. Smith	Cumberland, Md.
Natalie H. Spencer	Cape Cottage, Maine
Estelle M. Strickler	Hanover, Pa.
Anita Ulke	Paradise, Pa.
Alice C. Waggoner	Lebanon, Ohio
Mary Page Wilder	Aberdeen, N. C.
Virginia M. Williams	Gynn, Va.
Grace E. Young	Cumberland, Md.

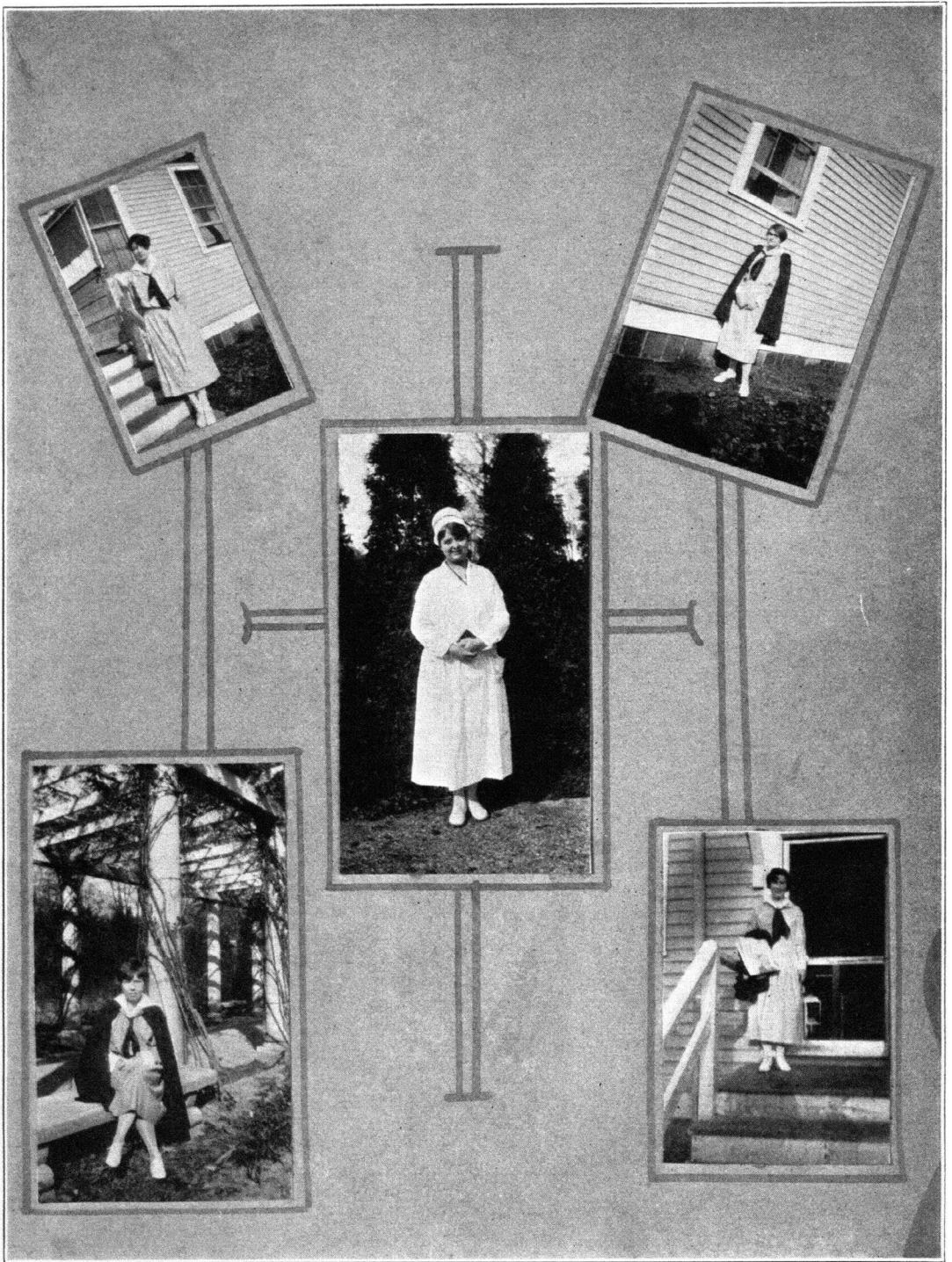


*Sunrise Service, Easter 1928*

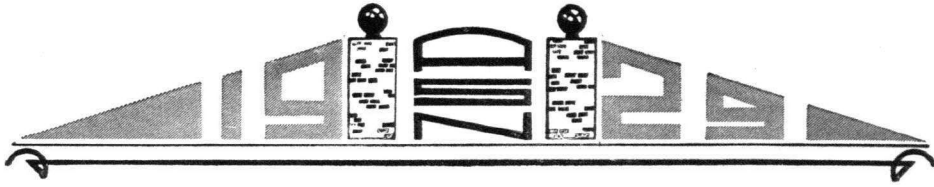


## CLASS OF 1931

Annie T. Bailey	Florence, S. C.
Zenobia A. Baker	Louisburg, N. C.
Eleanor L. Booth	Burlington, Vermont
Elaine Coughlin	Swampscott, Mass.
Marjorie Drew	Live Oak, Fla.
Irene C. Evans	Plainfield, Conn.
Genevieve M. Feeney	West Newton, Mass.
Elizabeth G. Hall	West Medford, Mass.
Alice K. Henneberry	Manchester, Mass.
Marian Holloway	Portsmouth, Va.
Sadie Kahn	Bridgeport, Conn.
Dorothy M. McCarty	Washington, D. C.
Mary M. McKnight	Baltimore, Md.
Miriam W. Madden	New York—Manhattan, N. Y.
Gertrude S. Moore	Charleston, S. C.
Mattie V. Self	Shreveport, La.
Esther E. Barnett	Edwardsville, Ill.
Frances J. Bernasek	Edwardsville, Ill.
Elizabeth L. Bilisoly	Washington, D. C.
Daisy V. Boley	Roanoke, Va.
Sara B. Brown	Riverside, California
Naomi Bryan	Columbus, N. J.
Margaret McL. Chase	Mexico, Mo.
Stella E. Copley	Scottdale, Pa.
Grace M. Craft	Grass Lake, Mich.
Phoebe M. Crandall	Wayville, N. Y.
Genevieve E. Daley	Cazenovia, N. Y.
Mabel Embery	Philadelphia, Pa.
Gertrude J. Emmons	Lowell, Mass.
Maude May Farnsworth	Cresco, Iowa
Mary A. Freney	South Manchester, Conn.
Marion E. Goodwyn	Augusta, Ga.
Bernice Hathaway	Decatur, Ill.
Evangeline E. Heavenridge	Washington, Ind.
Alice L. Herndon	Hamilton, Va.
Percy E. Hilzim	Natchez, Miss.
Marion E. Kalkman	Newport, R. I.
Evelyn A. Lankford	Federalsburg, Md.
Dean G. Lewis	Margo, Va.
Ruth E. Madison	Denver, Colorado
Ida V. Monroe	Purcellville, Va.
Mary E. Nagle	Allentown, Pa.
Elaine M. Palmer	Upperville, Va.
Beulah M. Putman	Worthington, Ohio
Janet M. Ritchard	Scottdale, Pa.
Mabel E. Robertson	Florida City, Fla.



*Miss Taylor with a few of her children in Quarters III*



## CLASS OF '31

WHAT girl does not remember that memorable night in the fall of 1928 when as insignificant probies we were piloted through quarters by condescending students. First we sought a room, some sought room-mates, and then we paraded the corridor giving frequent renditions of, "Look here, I didn't think it would be like this."

Weary with the confusion of new names, new faces, and new places, we wended our way back to our individual quarters, stopping more than once to inquire of a dignified nurse who looked on amusedly, "Do—do you know if I live in Quarters Three?"

Isn't it odd how one does manage to locate the dining-room? Looking back now I realize that that was my least difficult discovery. And why not? For surely there it is that good humor prevails and there you enjoy the company of all the students.

The acquaintance of such splendid types of womanhood in our instructors, the congenial atmosphere to which each student nurse contributes a vital part, enhanced our enthusiasm as early as our first day on the post. With genuine appreciation we began to count our days happy at Walter Reed.

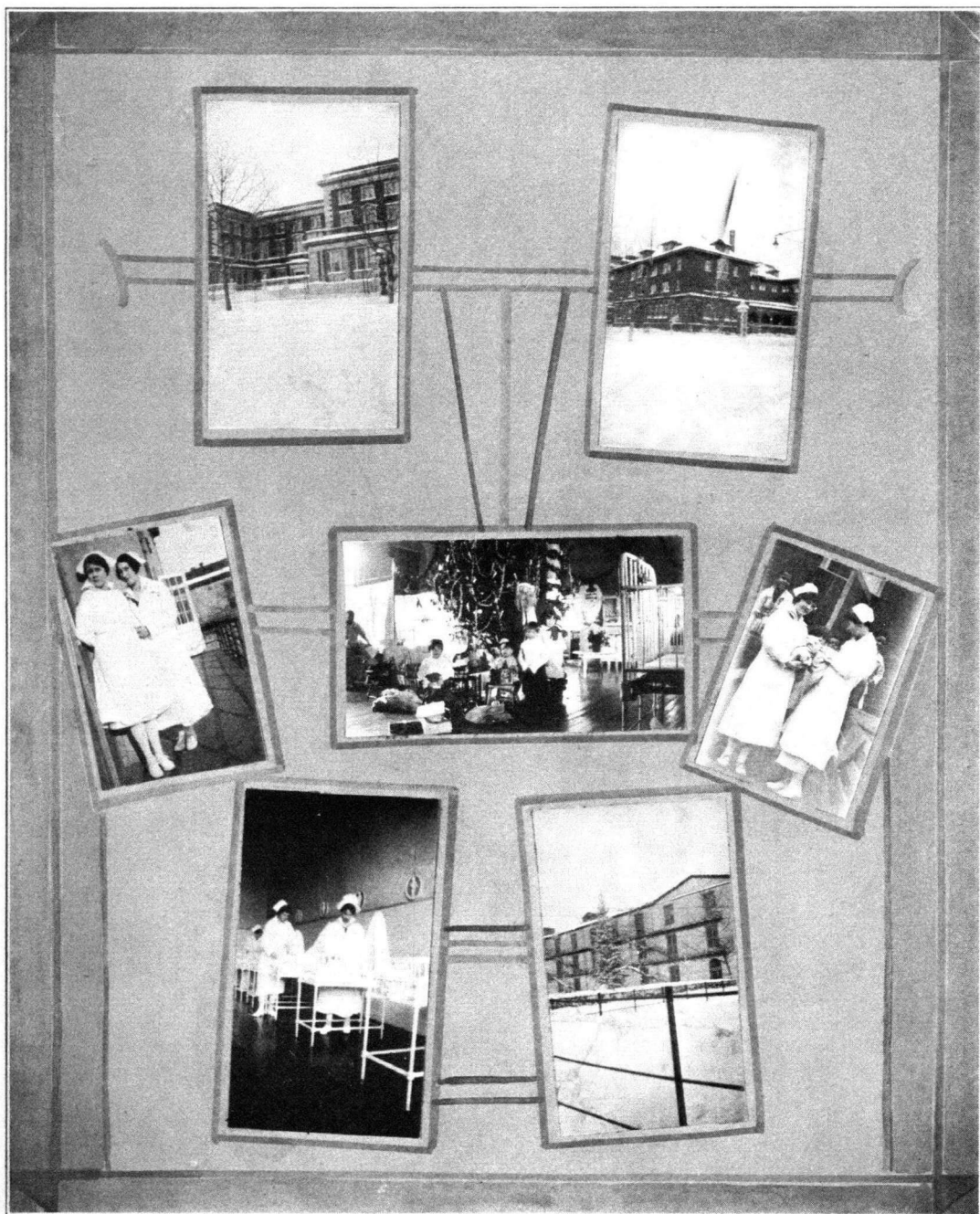
As the preliminary period fades into junior, junior into intermediate and intermediate into senior, life in the Army School takes on a new color. We shall recall particular friends and jokes we played on others, but somehow I think I shall always want to think of it in the light of proby days when all were particular friends and the jokes were played on us.

P. M. C., '31.



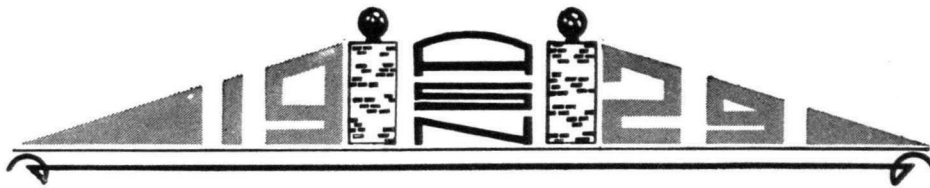
Mary S. Roudabush.....	Staunton, Va.
Theresa C. Saner.....	Fort H. G. Wright, N. Y.
Geraldine B. Shimp.....	Reamstown, Pa.
Hannah M. Snyder.....	Shamokin, Pa.
Anne K. Timmons.....	Birmingham, Ala.
Mildred Vaughn.....	Waynesboro, Ga.
Mildred H. Wagner.....	Lenoir, N. C.
Florence M. Weaver.....	Mount Pleasant, Pa.
Arlene Wilson.....	Washington, Ind.
Myrtle L. Winnes.....	Portland, N. D.





*One of our finest memories—"Philly"*





Philadelphia General Hospital,  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
June 9, 1928.

Major Julia C. Stimson,  
Walter Reed Hospital,  
Washington, D. C.

My dear Major Stimson:

Realizing that from our midst have recently departed many happy faces which are missed more and more each day, we are endeavoring to write just a few words to our Army friends.

Many pleasant outstanding experiences which our school shall always cherish, as those distinctly associated with Walter Reed nurses, shall be many times related to younger nurses as they come among our midst. It will be a pleasure to reminisce, of course regretting that "Army Alley" is dark and gloomy in Fisher Home.

Nurses are prone, we believe, to regard the relationship between schools rather differently than most college folk. In our big family we do so many things together: study, work, live and serve, and Blockley nurses have had the pleasure of so many happy days in the past years, doing all of these things together, assuring you our future will hold many pleasant memories.

We have so much enjoyed having your students with us and extend our sincere best wishes to each and every one, assuring the good feeling among our nurses which shall always exist, we trust, between Blockley Walls and Walter Reed.

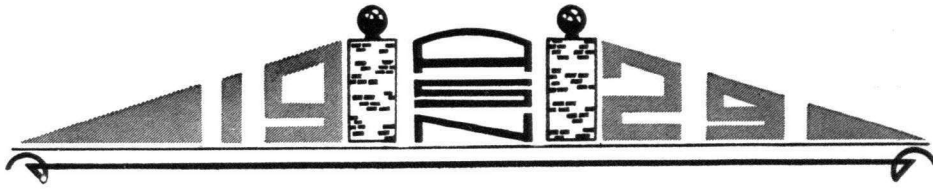
We regret your affiliations have been assigned elsewhere, but trust they shall be happy days, and leave as our closing message that you were always welcome at Blockley.

Sincerely yours,

RUTH H. JEPSEN, President,  
Student Government Association.



*Glad Days at "Philly"*



June 12, 1928.

Miss Ruth H. Jepsen, President,  
Student Government Association,  
Philadelphia General Hospital,  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

My dear Miss Jepsen:

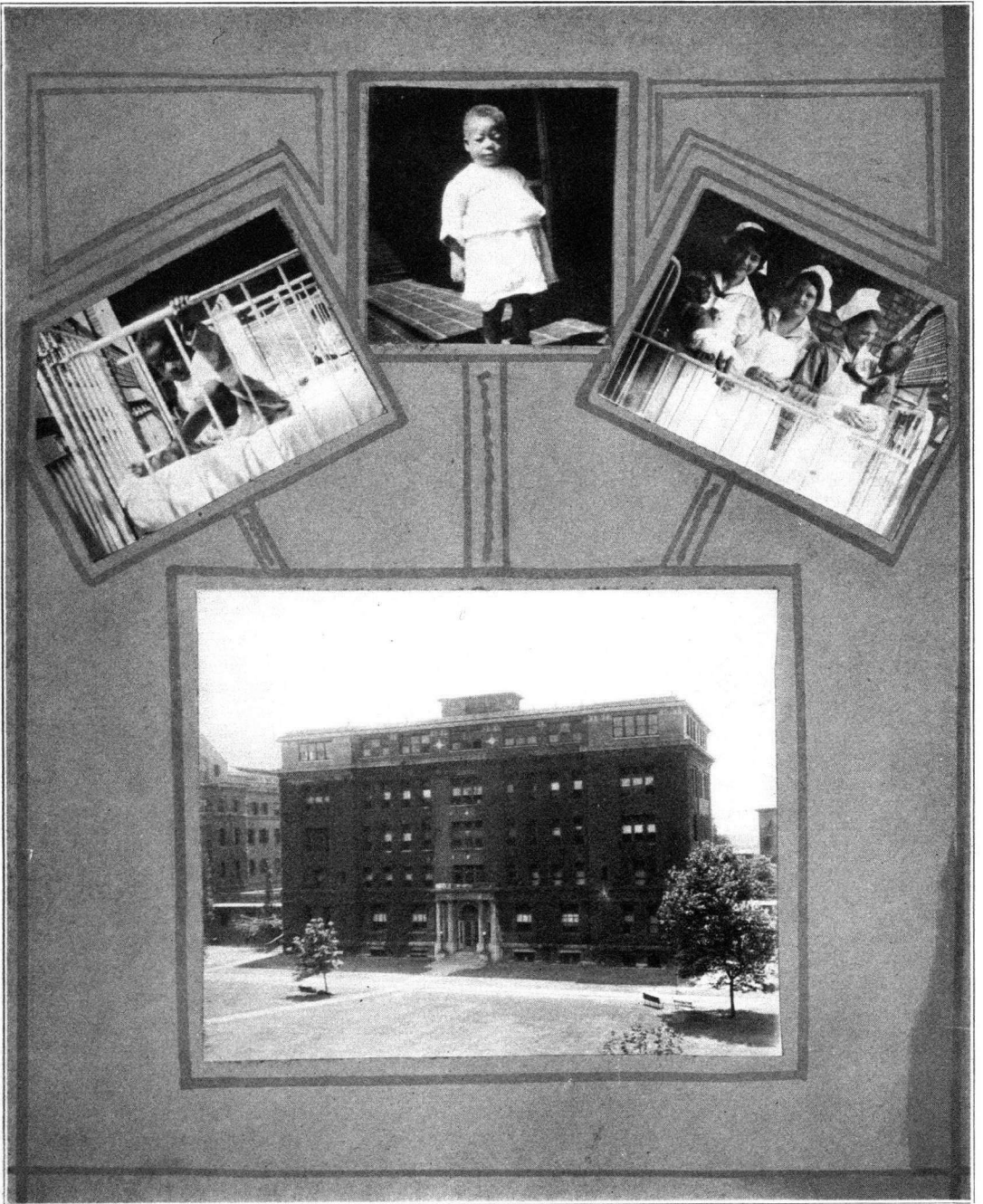
I have just received your very nice letter of June 9th, which I shall turn over at once to the students, because I feel very sure that they will want to put it in their next year's Annual.

It is, indeed, a very deep regret to us all that it is necessary for us to change our affiliation. Perhaps you do not know that the reason for the change has been the fact that there are now sufficient obstetrical cases at Walter Reed for our students' experience and since, therefore, it is necessary for our nurses to be away only three months for their pediatric training it seemed far better to have them a little nearer to Washington than Philadelphia is and for that reason we are sending them to Johns Hopkins for that period. It never will be possible to secure for them in any other place some of the advantages they have had at Blockley. Among these advantages have been the influence of Miss Clayton and her wonderful spirit which permeates your entire school. Another has been the high traditions of your hospital and its record for service among your city's needy people. Your students have always been cordial and hospitable to our students and we appreciate all that you have done to make the affiliation of the Army students so satisfactory and pleasant.

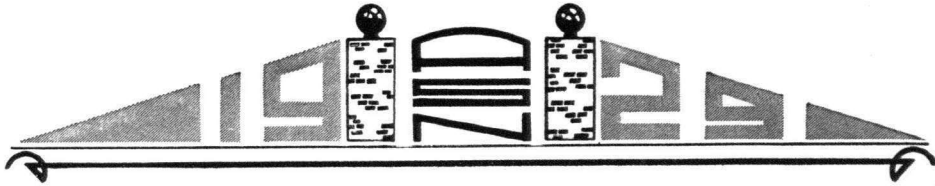
Since changes have to be made it is, indeed, a real satisfaction that they are made under such cordial relations and with such friendly memories. Please express to your Association the greetings of the Army School and its officials and their deep appreciation of your letter and of the good wishes that prompted it.

Cordially yours,

JULIA C. STIMSON,  
Major, Army Nurse Corps,  
Dean, Army School of Nursing.



*The Harriet Lane Home, Johns Hopkins Hospital*



## THE HARRIET LANE HOME

"May 31, 1928!" That memorable day when the first group of Army student nurses began their affiliation for Pediatrics at the Harriet Lane Home for Invalid Children at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore! How we longed for that day to come, and yet really dreaded it because it meant leaving our Alma Mater for three long months.

The day arrived, bright and cheery and we were off on a new conquest. We were greeted, on our arrival at our destination, by the Supt. of the School of Nursing, Miss Lawler. Our duties were outlined to us, demonstration classes begun and assignment of wards made! Our affiliation had begun.

Day after day we fed, bathed and cared for the children, often feeling like the Old Lady who lived in the shoe. We learned what relief hours" meant—"7-11 A. M."—"7-11 P. M." "Relief" was what we needed—for it was in the last four hours that the Intraperitoneals, Subcutaneous Infusions and Transfusions were accomplished.

All was not work. In our leisure time we played tennis or watched the lively games between the doctors. Phipps garden, with its shady walks and cool breezes, afforded many pleasant off duty hours. Bay Shore and Sparrows Point beach were not far away and when the city's heat became unbearable we hid ourselves to one or the other or perhaps scurried to a "refrigerated" movie house down town to spend a few hours. And, of course, none of us will forget "Leo's."

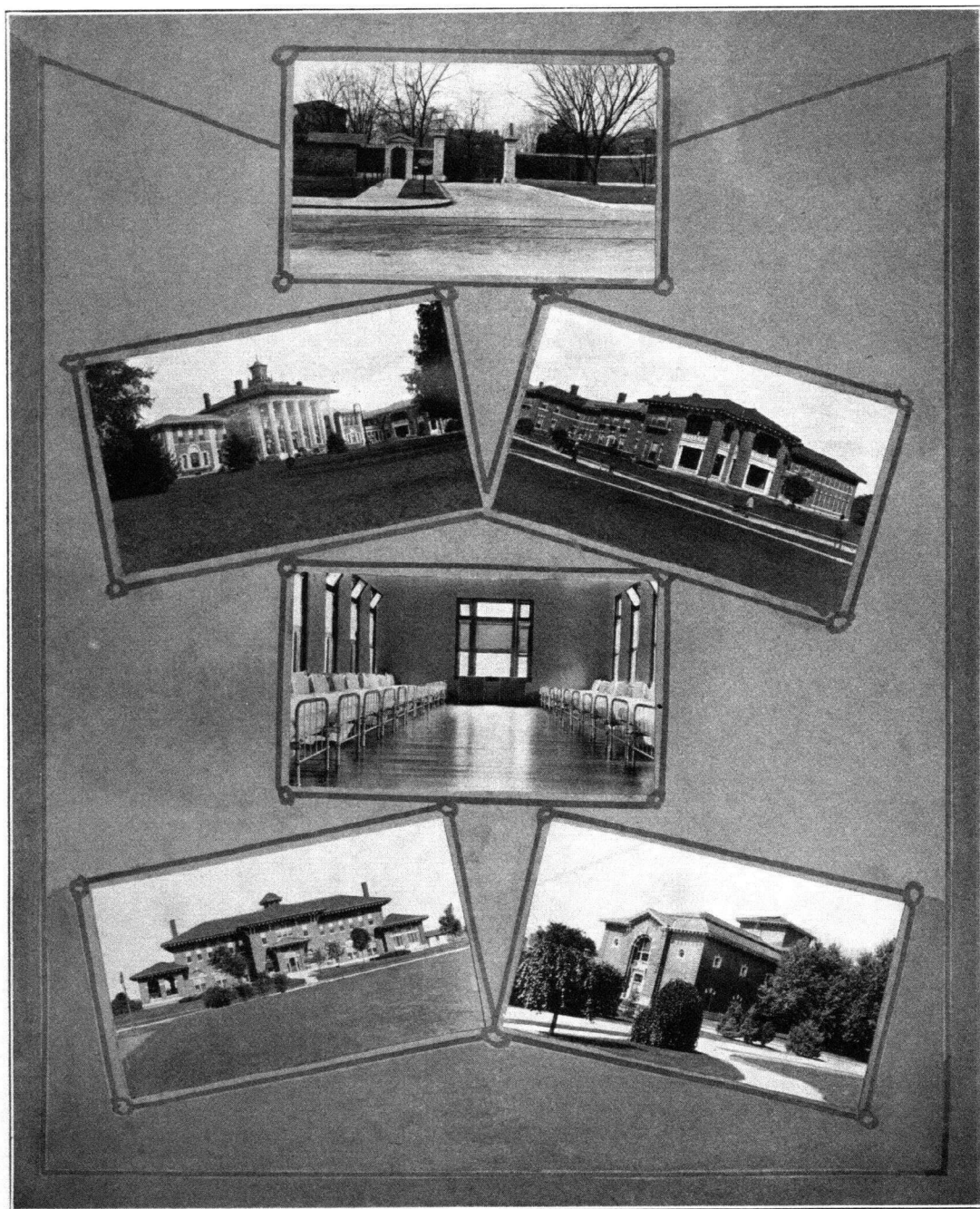
After the three short months of pleasant work we bade farewell to our many new friends and our little patients whom we had loved and cared for and were off—some for vacations and others back to duty at Walter Reed, carrying with us a gift which cannot be taken from us,—Knowledge.

And so each three months pass—a new group is prepared for this experience and the old group returns, bringing back with them the fruits of their affiliation at the Harriet Lane Home.

G. E. Y., '30.

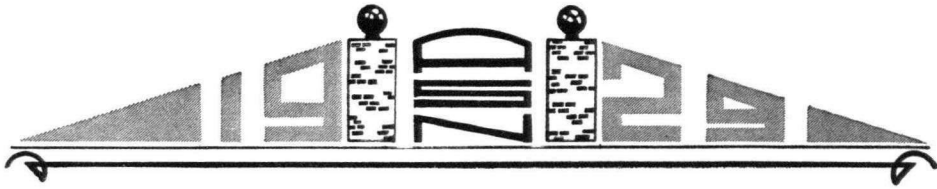






*St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.*





## SAINT ELIZABETH'S

### I.

W. R. G. H.—January.

Jane (who goes to Lizzie's next month)—“But will they really put us on the wards with the crazy patients?”

Mary (Just back from Lizzie's)—“Psychotic, my dear. Don't let them ever hear you say “crazy” out there. And it's a “mental hospital,” NOT an “insane asylum.”

Jane—“All right, psychotic. But will they try to hit us or anything? You know, I'm scared to death to be going to Lizzie's.”

Mary—“Don't say that when you get there, of all things. If you're afraid of the patients, you'll get psychoanalyzed. And the violent, I mean, disturbed ones are all in Q Building where Army nurses don't go.”

Jane—“But somebody told me Q Building is next to the Nurses' Home!”

Mary—“Well—it's not far away, and taxis may deposit you at Q.'s front door, but don't let that hurt your feelings. Better not choose a room on that side, though. Those patients don't always observe quiet hours. You see, their inhibitions aren't so hot. But if you live in the back there's that boy with the cornet; and the two Airedales; and the loud speaker; and the Ford that can't get started at five every morning. Take your choice.”

Jane—“Well—just tell me one more thing. Is it true you can order steak and pie and ice cream any time?”

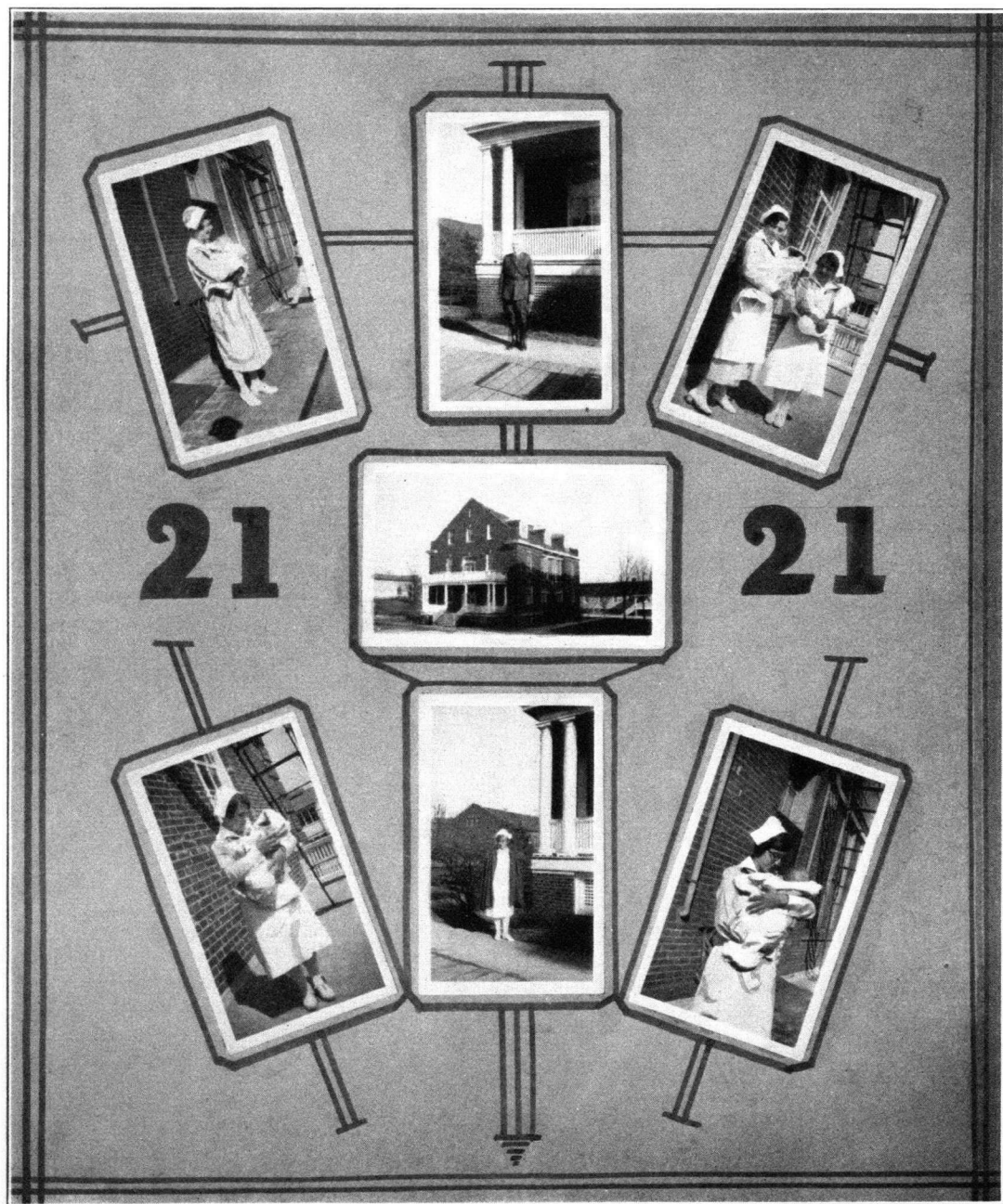
Mary—“It is. And P. M.'s begin at eleven! And the pay—you'll be a rich woman when, that is, if, you leave. And one more word of advice—look out for mental mechanisms, take bath towels, and *don't* wear a red dress.”

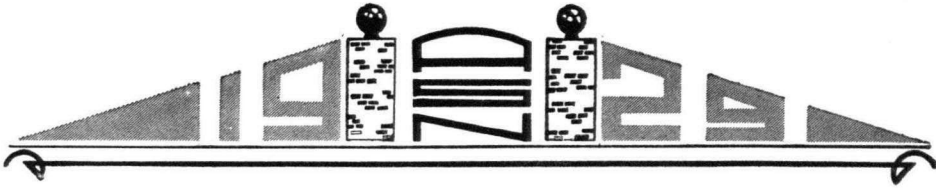
### II.

St. Elizabeth's—March.

Jane (train of thought)—Well, I never knew before that amoebas have minds, and my own is just an iceberg. No, just like an iceberg. And I'm a Sadist because I loved Operating Room, but then Doctors and Army and Navy men are all Sadists too, so why worry? But I mustn't repress that or it'll be a complex. I wonder if I'm properly sublimated and compensated? Gosh, if I'm thinking about that I must be introverted. Guess I'd better go to the movies this afternoon and get some of this psychiatry stuff off my mind, or is it my unconscious? No, that's only rationalizing—what I really want to do is look at those new dresses on F. St. Heavens, I must be awfully narcissistic. These mental mechanisms! But one thing I must remember to tell the girls back at Walter Reed—don't bring out any red, blue, green, yellow, black, or white dresses.

N. L. W., '29.





## WARD 21

Three A. M.—A cold, windy, starlit night.

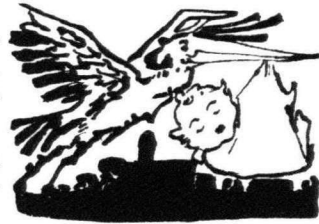
"Get up, girls, Maternity is calling."

Clothes hurriedly thrown on, eyes glued with sleep.

Hurrying footsteps, hollow metallic echoes.

The Main Building a massive, sharply outlined silhouette with its white tower gleaming in the moonlight, its white columns softly rounded in the glow from the frosted lights at the entrance.

In the front door of "21" with a rush, capes thrown on a convenient chair, fumbling fingers tying many-stringed gowns.



Into the room on the right, with its brilliant white light dazzling sleep-blurred eyes; a smile for the kind Major, another for beloved Miss Anderson.

The hiss of the tank valves, minute after minute of breathless waiting, muscles tensed, hearts silently begging a Creator for mercy and for Life; the snap of a suture-tube in the jaws of a Kelly, the periodic concentration of all movement in the room, the indefinable odor of gas-oxygen; the sudden culmination of hours of waiting into a minute of terrific tension; the sharp click of metal on metal; the quavering, protesting first cry that thrills the heart.

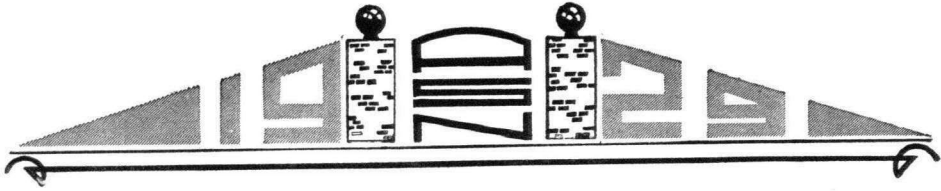
Weary eyes softly shining; gentle, tremulous fingers reaching to touch the tiny hand; eager arms waiting to take the Little One.

The Miracle has happened once more.

Out again towards Quarters as night turns to day; tiny gray clouds edged with mysterious rose; the waving Flag rippling in the breeze; spruce trees sharply black against the western sky; the promise of Immortality in the sure flight of a sparrow toward the dawn.

M. M. G., '29.





## OPERATING ROOM



Technique—meaning tactics.

Operating Room Technique—meaning tactics as applied to that awesome room on third floor, with its tiles, white walls, blue alcohol and the many-eyed creature suspended from the ceiling.

Operating Room Technique for Nurses—meaning the much prediscussed, anticipated, shivered at, desired series of tactics, which increasingly well performed as the first few days slip into weeks, change a trembling white-gowned shiverer into that model of self-reliant nursehood who views with equanimity a seething caldron, a tray of wicked looking implements and a super tricky pair of hooks.

Tactics: One—How to arrange a square of gauze so that the golden curls becomingly frame the face and yet appear not so boldly that a quick glance will cause a hasty re-adjustment.

Two—How to nimbly skip out from under the feet of all yet keep one's own feet where feet belong—on the floor.

Three—How to avoid the Sergeant's eye when you feel he is getting ready to deliver a lecture on your sins of omission or commission.

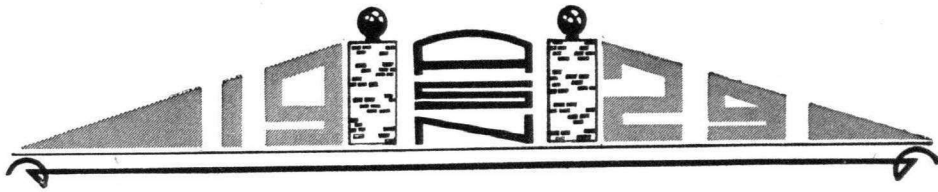
Four—How to correctly "scrub up" after putting on a face mask, which despite one's dexterous manipulations, only succeeds in giving one the appearance of an indignant feline.

Five—How to weave in and out between this, that and the other in arranging sets for the coming play—the play which may have moments of suspense, excitement, near tragedy and comedy furnished perhaps by a tricky towel clamp clamping what it was never expected to clamp.

Six—How to gracefully receive a deluge of iodine, alcohol, "salt," into glasses that erstwhile have meant sane beverage containers.

Seven—How to put a suture with a long crinkly tail through the seemingly invisible eye of a tantalizing steel half-moon with fingers that should be attached to a patient in the critical stage of ague.

Eight—How to "dress" the doctors, remembering that though you unfold the gown and expertly adjust it—someone else ties the back strings.



Nine—How what appears to be the left glove goes on the right hand, and the tendency to sudden thrusting that is awakened in a doctor's heart at the sight of a rubber glove out-stretched in trembling fingers.

Ten—How to keep up a sponge supply; listen for "Hot flush, Miss!" and dodge a hand out-thrown to drop a crimson fluff.

Eleven—How to view the morning's chaos with optimism as the hands of the clock reach twelve and the stomach meets the backbone with a painful friction.

Twelve—How to avoid a slow cart and get a speedy one.

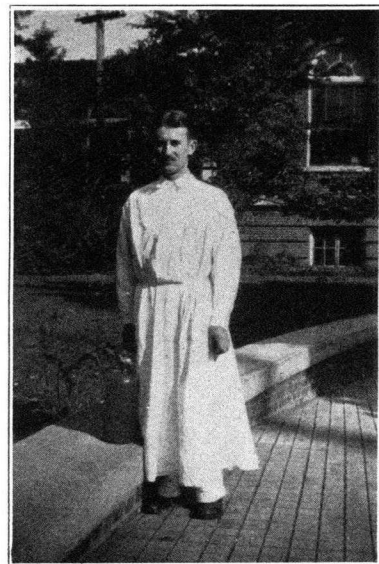
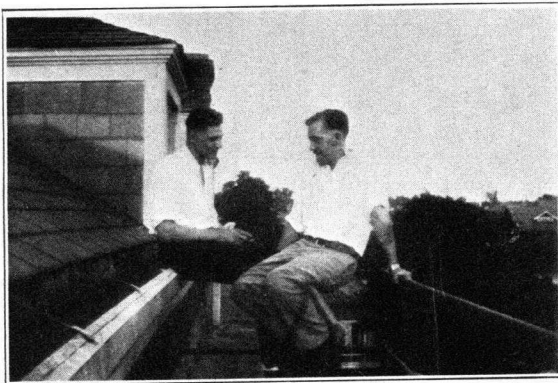
Thirteen—How to greet with joy an intimation that one can "sleep" Sunday morning.

Fourteen—How to cough discreetly before entering the anesthetists' room.

Fifteen—How to wonder and marvel and wonder some more how Miss Thompson, going so fast and keeping both her head and feet, can smile at 5 P. M.

Sixteen—How to base all on the hope that if ever *you* need an operation you can have it done at Walter Reed Hospital.

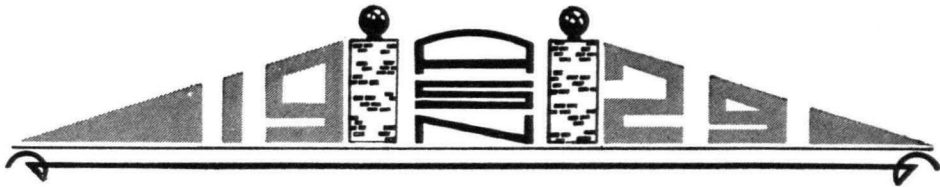
C. E. P., '29.





*Department of Dietotherapy—Miss Grace Hunter, Chief Dietitian*





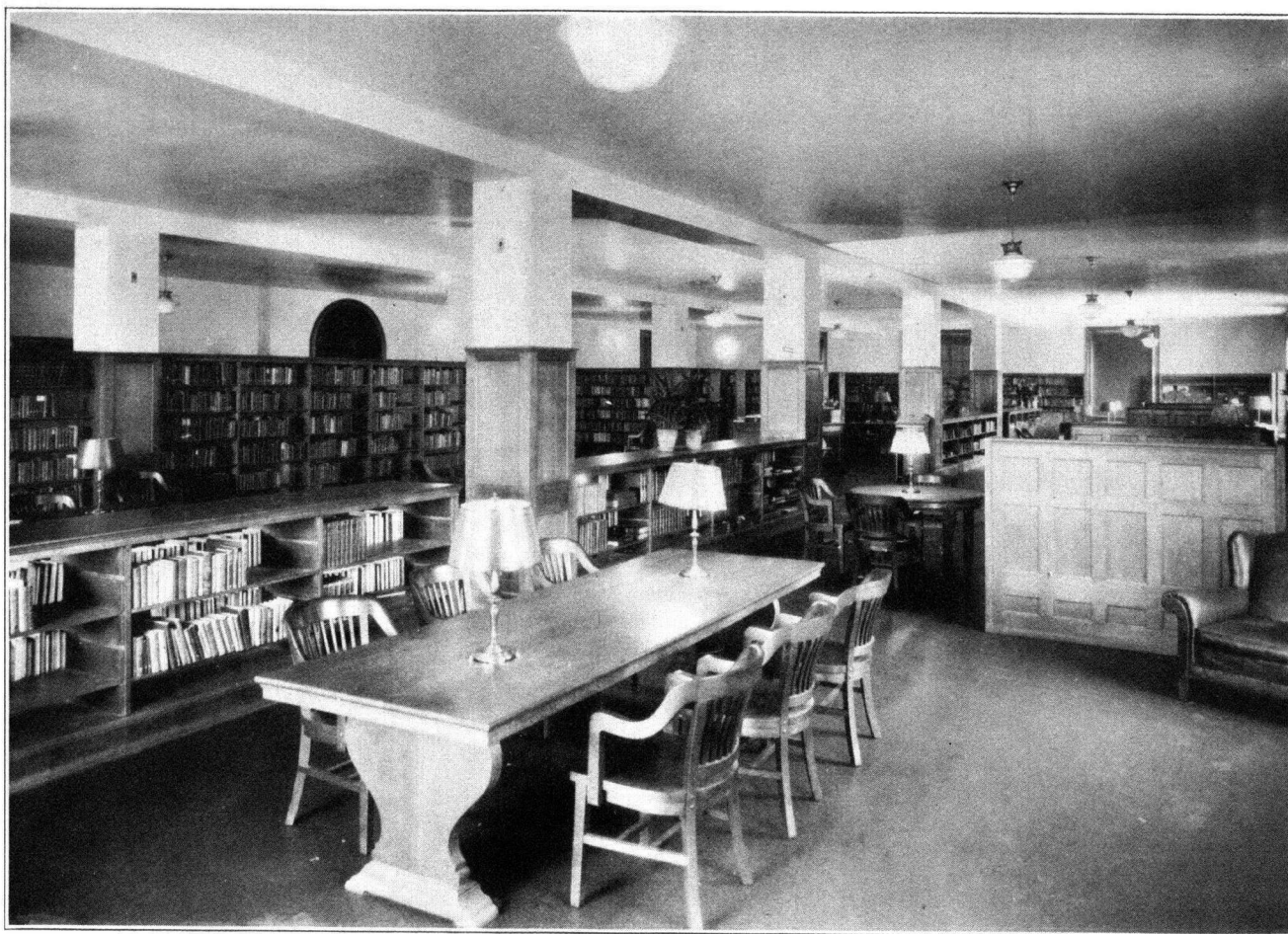
## DIET KITCHEN

UPON entering the Medical Center reservation so widely known as Walter Reed Hospital from the Georgia Avenue gate take the first road to the right of the circle—on your left you cast your eyes upon the spacious new east wing of said Hospital. Enter then, you are assigned to Diet Kitchen. Follow the long narrow passage way. The aroma of asparagus and lamb-stew will guide you the rest of your journey. Halt! There you are—Our Beloved Diet Kitchen!

You are first shaking in the knees and so astounded by all the foreigners and gentlemen of color that you lose all concept of time and place but soon you see the little swift and smiling person, Miss Spencer. Give her your name, don your apron. Then the battle is on! "Where do you get turnips?" "Give me that knife." "Say, Oscar clean that celery." "Who cut that paper, I want to know?" "Sure, take this pencil but be sure to bring it back." "Who has my spoon? I bought it at the 5 & 10." "Miss Spencer, it is 9:40 and no brains." Then Miss Spencer battles with our faithful Oscar and atrocious sergeants. She finally comes to your rescue and after you've stood the odors, heat, dirty hands, mad scramble for containers and unconsciously watched the hands of the old time-piece slip stealthily around to 10 you pack your goods and remove the much-soiled apron and with your arms full of grapes, apples, meats and such good things to eat, you cover your wares with your cape and sigh with relief. Thank heavens, time to leave. Tomorrow is my Sunday off, and only 40 more days!

M. M. G., '29.





*North Wing Library*



## I. V. N. S.

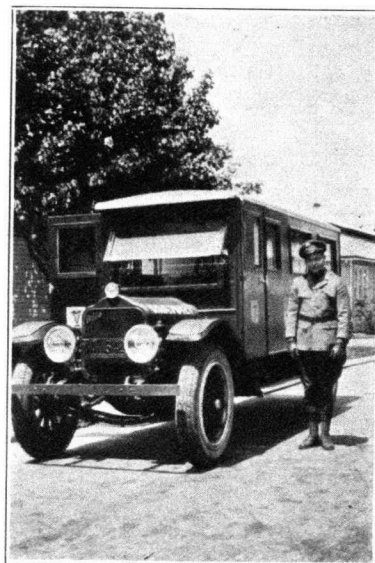
"Go thou into the city. Accept these tokens which thou wilt need in journeying. In this bag thou wilt find tools and supplies to assist thee in performing the tasks of healing the sick and comforting the afflicted. This thy raiment of tailored blue will protect thee from the elements. Though in this raiment ye toil and spin, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of ye."

With this the advisor rose up and went to her place, while the nurses went their ways into the great territories of the Northwest, Southeast, Central Division, and Georgetown.

It came to pass that the duties were as foretold. Daily came such entreaties: "Come hither, good nurse. I am glad to see thee here at so fortunate a time. I am tormented with a violent pain in my head and request thine assistance, and hope ye will not refuse me that cure which ye impart to the afflicted."

The assignments of visitation to the ill in their homes, the well infant, the school child and to dispensing aid to the impoverished all came in due time and were performed faithfully.

And with the completion of this program they came in from the territories of the city, weary and dusty, but more proficient in their art, and with a feeling of some mysterious happiness gained through the performance of their work. W. F. W.





*Miss Emma E. Vogel and Department of Physiotherapy*



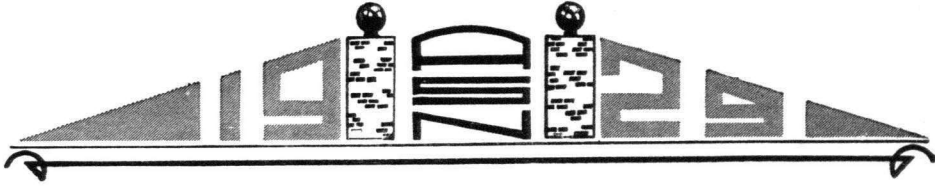
*Miss Alberta Montgomery and Department of Occupational Therapy*





*Interior of K. of C. Hut at Christmas*





## Message from Father McGeary

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF  
1929:



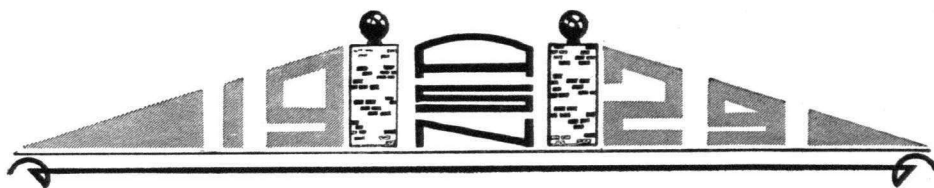
I extend to you, the nurses of the graduating class of 1929, my heartiest congratulations and sincerely hope that all your undertakings may be crowned with success.

But whatever you may undertake let it not be to please men but to please God and honor Him. Works done for God must be performed with exactness, fervor and perseverance. Exactness means that you do not leave out wilfully any part of the duty you have to perform. Fervor does not mean a pleasure in performing your duty, but the putting your heart and soul into it whether you like it or not. Perseverance means that you continue to act thus, not for a year or two, not for a while, but as long as life lasts. This motive of pleasing God should run through all your thoughts, words and works, and then He will accept even your trivial works and recompense you a hundred-fold.





*Interior of Y. M. C. A. Hut at Christmas*



## Message from Chaplain Oliver

### A FRIEND

One of the most beautiful words in the English language is the word FRIEND. Cherish the friends you have made while here at Walter Reed Hospital. As a humble one among your many Friends I have tried to make you better acquainted with that strong, true Friend, Christ Jesus, our Lord. My thought for the class of 1929 is that their companionship with and knowledge of Jesus may grow ever sweeter with the lengthening years and I commend for your study the following lines by Arthur Guiterman:

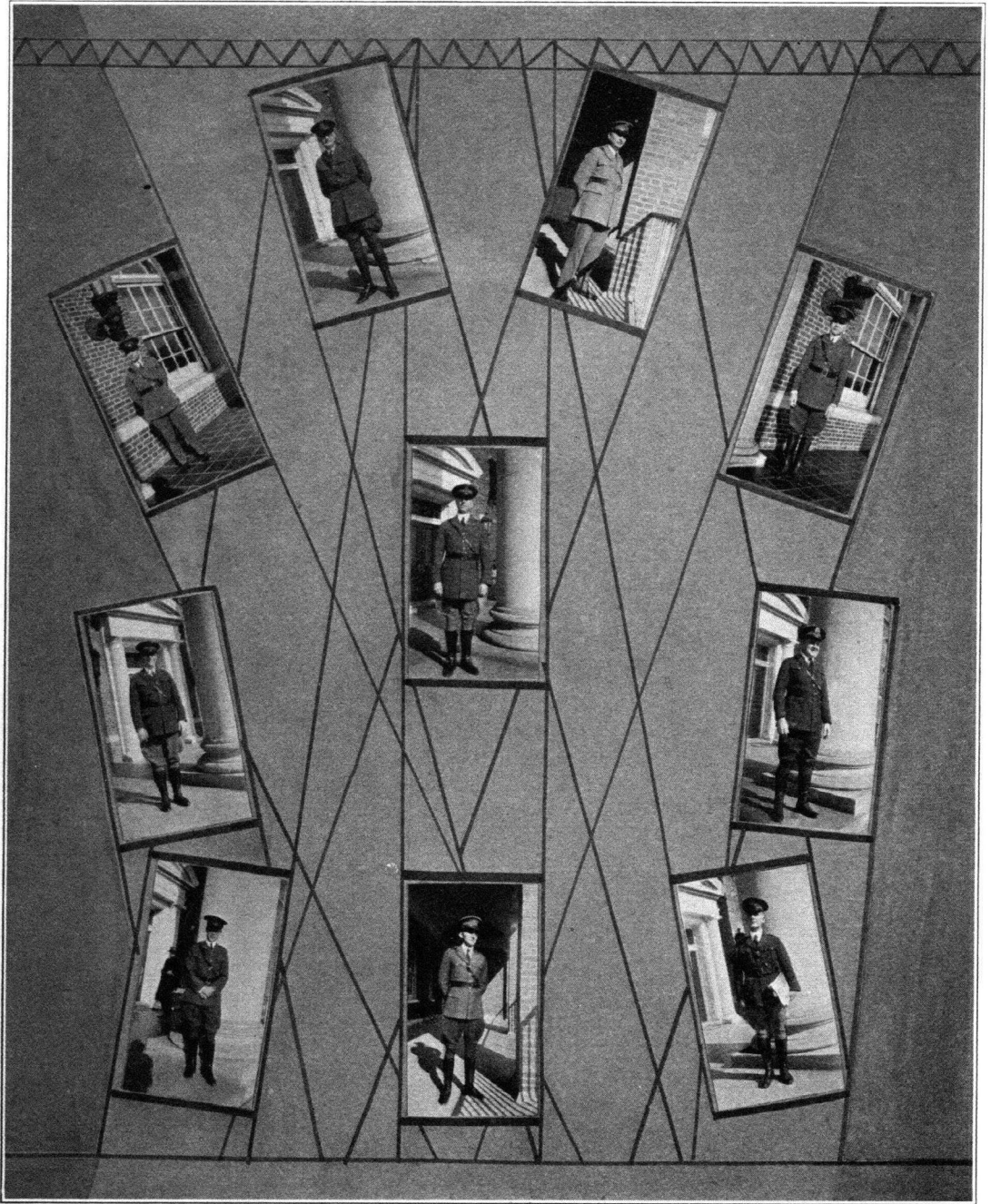
### IN THE HOSPITAL

"Because on the branch that is tapping my pane  
A sun-wakened leaf-bud uncured,  
Is bursting its rusty brown sheathing in twain,  
I know there is spring in the world.

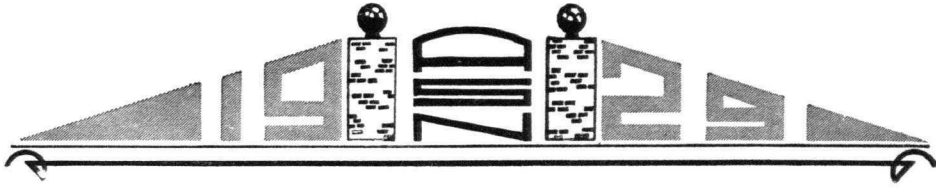
Because through the sky-patch whose azure and white  
My window frames all the day long,  
A yellow bird dips for an instant of flight,  
I know there is song.

Because even here in this Mansion of Woe,  
Where creep the dull hours leaden-shod  
Compassion and tenderness aid me, I know  
There is God."





*Medical Officers at Walter Reed*



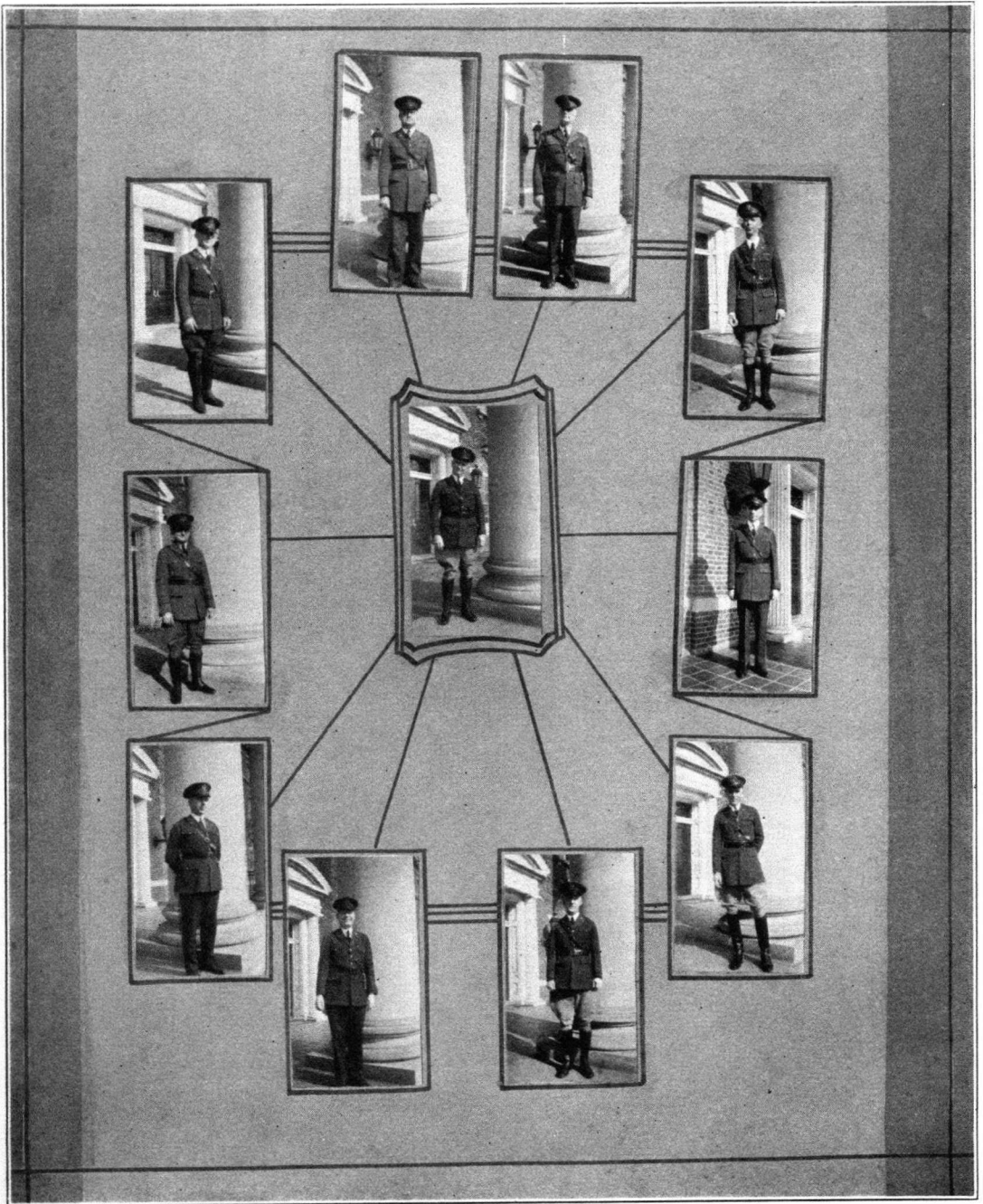
## THE NURSE

The world grows brighter year by year  
Because some nurse in her little sphere  
Puts on her apron and grins and sings  
And keeps on doing the same old things;  
Taking the temperatures, giving the pills  
To remedy mankind's various ills,  
Feeding the baby, answering bells,  
Being polite with heart that rebels;  
Longing for home, and all the while  
Wearing the same old professional smile.

Blessing the new-born baby's first breath,  
Closing the eyelids that are stilled in death,  
Taking the blame for someone's mistakes,  
Oh, dear, what a lot of patience it takes;  
Getting off duty at seven o'clock,  
Tired, discouraged, and ready to drop,  
But called back on special at seven-fifteen  
With woe in the heart, but it must not be seen;  
Morning, evening, noon and night  
Just doing it over and hoping it's right.

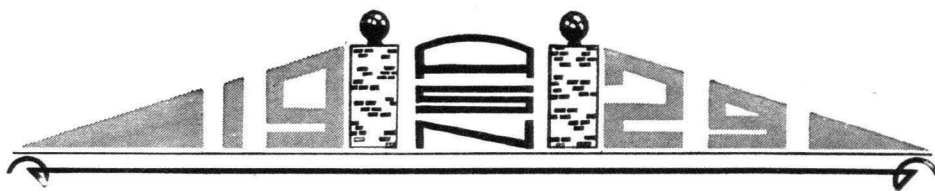
When we lay down our caps and cross the bar,  
O Lord, will you give us one little star  
To wear in our caps with uniform new,  
In that city above where our Head Nurse is You?





*Surgical Officers at Walter Reed*





## THE HOSPITAL NURSE

WILLIAM R. SHIELDS

She is disciplined and dainty,  
She's dependable and neat,  
Careful, capable and canny,  
Cool, courageous, smart and sweet ;

She is soft as silk or satin,  
She's as hard as any nail,  
Has a woman's intuition  
With the logic of the male.

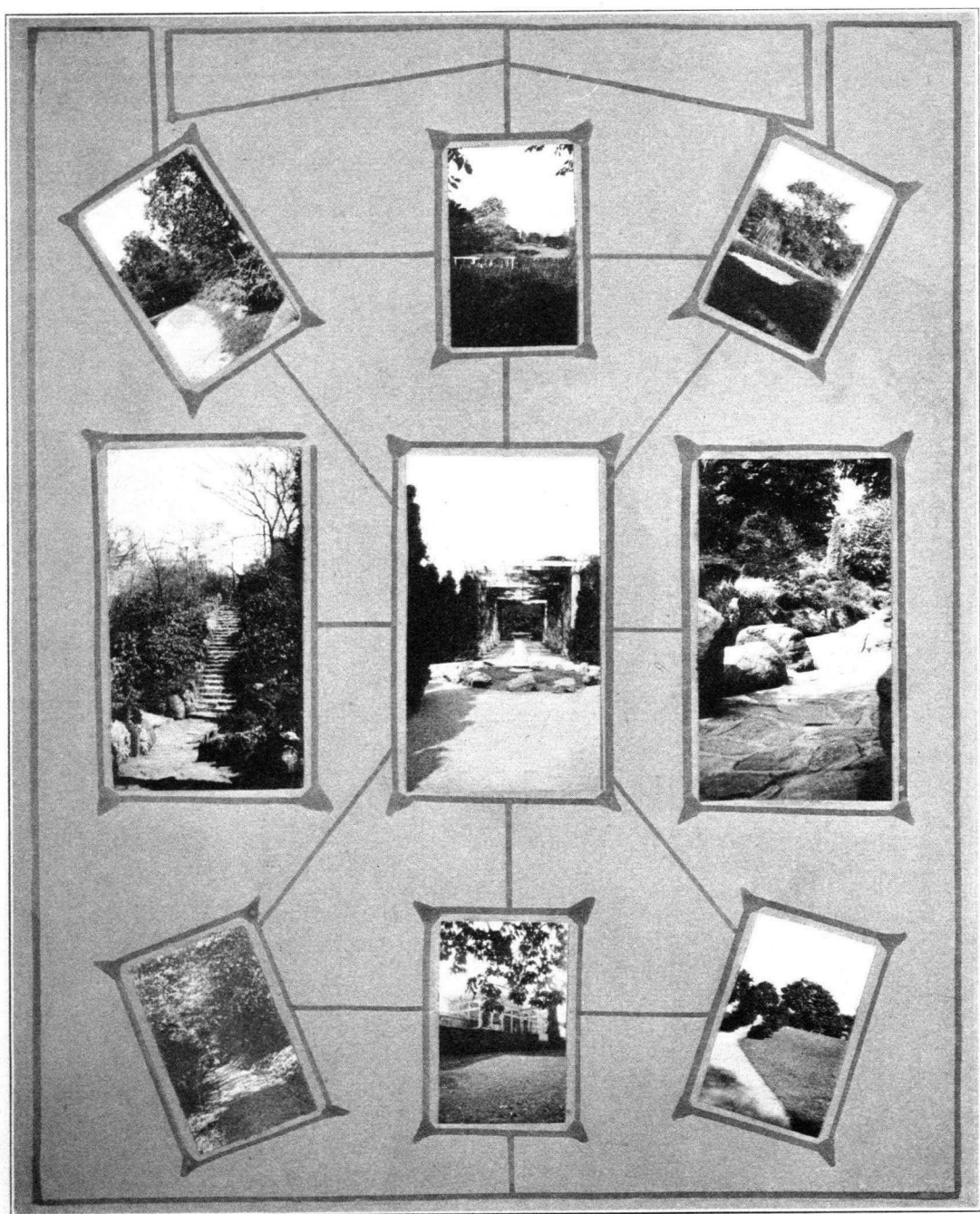
She contends with circumstances  
That would shatter nerves of steel,  
Yet she's jestful, faithful, zestful,  
Though she shakes from head to heel ;

She's a messenger of mercy  
From the Prince of Peace and Love,  
She's sagacious as a serpent,  
She's as harmless as a dove.

She's the servitor of Science,  
She has wisdom deep and wide,  
She is forceful, fast, resourceful,  
Calm, unhurried, dignified ;

She's the daughter deft of Duty,  
Sent to seek and serve and save,  
And she's on the job forever,  
From the cradle to the grave.

(Printed with Permission of the author and *The Trained Nurse and  
Hospital Review.*)





## A SONG FOR THE GARDEN

I have watched your flowers flush and fade,  
 Rank after rank went by on dress parade  
 When Spring had blown the first faint reveille  
 Upon her bugle of an April day,  
 'Til Autumn sounded forth a far retreat  
 That brought your flaring colors to her feet.

I love you, Garden. In whatever frame  
 The seasons fit you, it is to acclaim.

Spring mantled you within the glinting gray  
 Of falling torrents, all one rainy day,  
 Pricked and set your nervous pond a-shiver  
 With the arrows from her sky-borne quiver.

Summer darkness spread a sable veil  
 Where drowsy flowers their perfumed breath exhale,  
 Where gold-fish wanton with the lantern-flies,  
 And low winds croon their tenor lullabys.

Autumn bathes you in her bronzing sun,  
 And mist of amethyst the morning spun,  
 And pictures you against a gorgeous ground  
 Of gold and garnet leafage falling down.

Yet when the grayness, blackness, brilliance fade,  
 I love you better by the snow displayed—  
 Against a tracery of naked trees  
 Splendid while the very heavens freeze!

For thus you are a poem all may heed,  
 The lyric spirit, so, of Walter Reed.

A. M. J., '30.



## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Bridge! Beloved thru all the ages  
By the savants and the sages,  
On you I lose my monthly wages,  
Vent most vitriolic rages.

Terpsichore has held us all  
In her magic mystic thrall,  
New Red Cross and Senior Ball!  
(Or by victrolas down the hall).

Basket-ball we talked about  
With vim and vigor—cry and shout;  
Somehow tho' we ne'er turned out,  
Studies (?) put our plans to rout.

Tennis rackets we do swing,  
Hit those balls like everything,  
When the birds are on the wing  
In the Fall and in the Spring.

Roller skating had a day,  
Held us all within its sway.  
Abode its hour—then went away  
And we returned to work from play.

Horseback riding we do too  
When our daily work is thru;  
Or when we have an hour or two  
Lack of which we sadly rue.

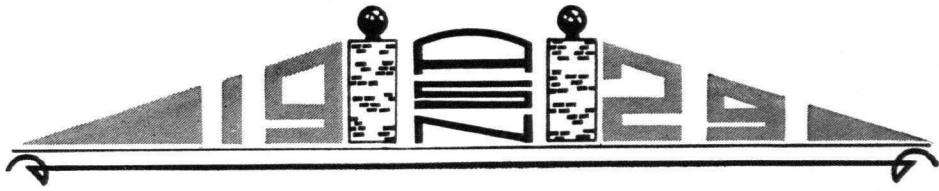
Dates till ten o'clock are fine  
In the cold bleak winter time;  
In the Rec Hut you will find  
Most of us at half past nine.

We burn ye midnight oil each night  
By our desk lamps' shaded lights,  
Seeking knowledge, truth and right,  
Seeking—with our main and might.

Often also we darn hose,  
Clean our shoes and mend our clothes,  
Before we seek our sweet repose  
And dream of violet—and of rose!

The song is ended—this we do  
And more—as I have told to you.

D. D. D., '29.



## NIGHT DUTY

Several weeks before our turn came Major Stimson prepared us for the very thrilling experience called Night Duty. She said, "You should not dread nor be haunted by the term Night Duty. Think what a privilege is given you to keep things going while the whole world sleeps. Think of the responsibilities entrusted to your care. Should it not make you feel worthwhile?"

Yes, we appreciate the trust and responsibility given us, but mostly the privilege. That long stretch from 7 P. M. to 7 A. M.—oh, how endless. But we learn to think for ourselves, depend upon ourselves, plan our work, forget nothing, do everything.

The evening conferences between Charge Nurse and Night Nurse are usually hastily performed, after which the night routine begins. A greeting to each patient—and then being a good listener. What the day nurses did not do, and what the night nurse was supposed to have done. That off their minds, oh, what a relief!

Night work is started with an attempt to read what appears to be a foreign language. Could that possibly be "Croton Oil gtts.10, q.4h"? On further study these quaint hieroglyphics the dose proves to be C.L.O. and O.J. Q.N. You are exasperated until you remember that perhaps the day nurses wonder why it is necessary to give "John Smith 150 cc. of Sat. Sol. of Mag. Sulph." (For at least so it appears from the sleepily written night report.)

A limping step, a squeaking wheel-chair, the tap-tap of a cane are heard in the corridor, and exclamations of, "But when he slid down that cellar door and did not crack a smile," "Wasn't it hot stuff where he fell off into the water?", "That girl playing with him was *some* mamma." Once again the Red Cross and Buster Keaton have shortened the evening for many.

The Night Supervisor and the O. D. make their rounds. Unexpected symptoms usually develop about this time, and fortunate indeed is the nurse who has these remarkable symptoms conveyed to her immediately, and not ten minutes after the O. D. has departed. It usually happens that the jaw case takes this time immediately after the departure of the O. D. to sneeze the wire off his teeth and runs to the nurse agonizedly holding to his jaw.

After the pleasant break of midnight supper the flashlight parade of bed-check begins. Upstairs, downstairs, hunting Sgt. Brown. Up pipes a sleepy voice, "He's spending the night in town."

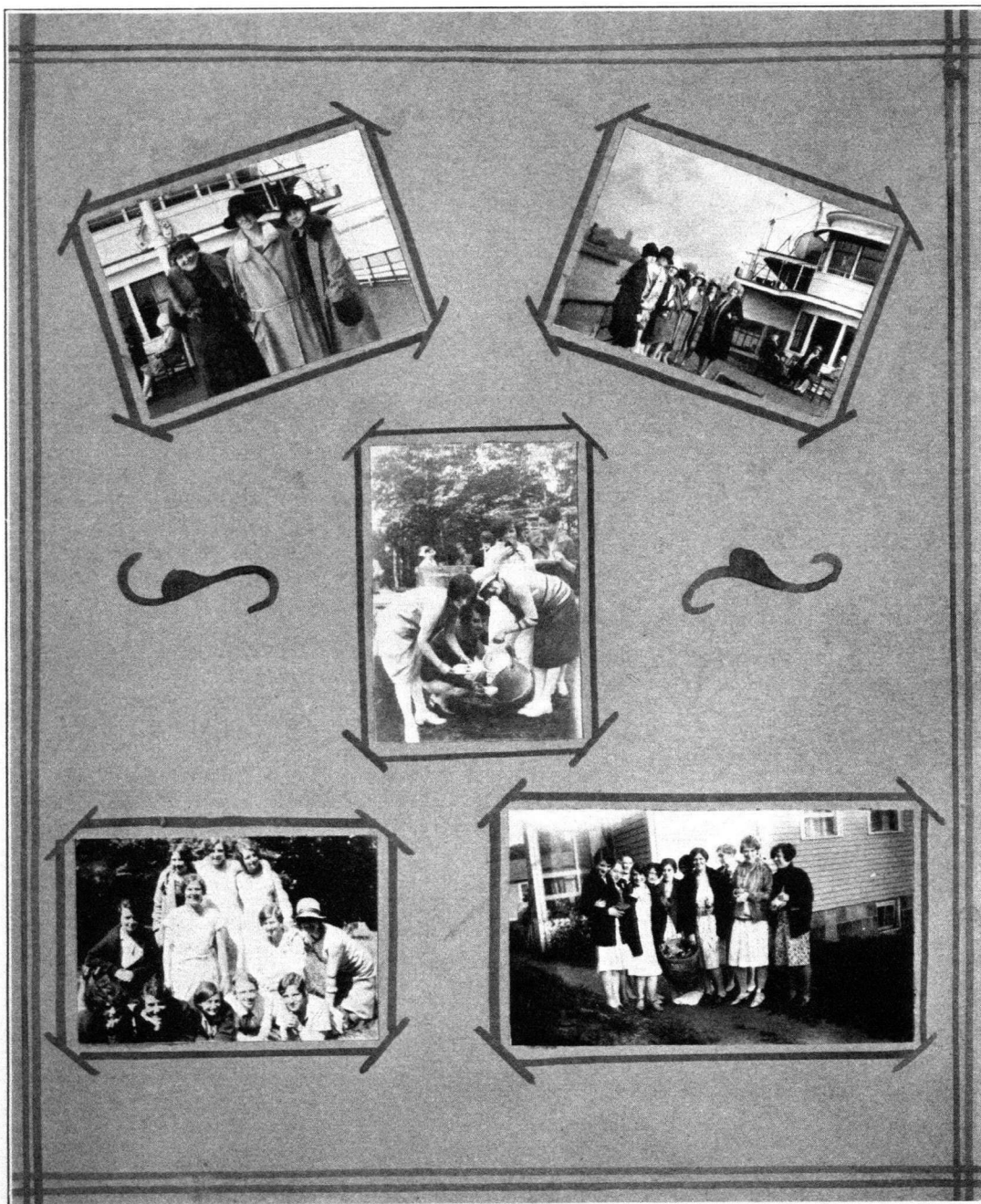
Shortly after this the census slips go in only to elicit a hurried call from the Receiving Office, "We have no record of a Frank School." You look back over the books to find that you have absent-mindedly admitted on paper the station of "Tank School."

A single bird call comes clear and sweet. The first early morning breeze tilts the leaves and brings a woodsy fragrance through the open windows. You take a deep breath and watch the patients snuggle down under the blankets for the envied sleep-before-breakfast that represents just then the most precious gift on earth.

This is the hour when you pause for a moment, as the first brush-stroke of orange stretches across the sky, to thank God that the night's struggle for some life dangerously nearing Death has not been in vain.

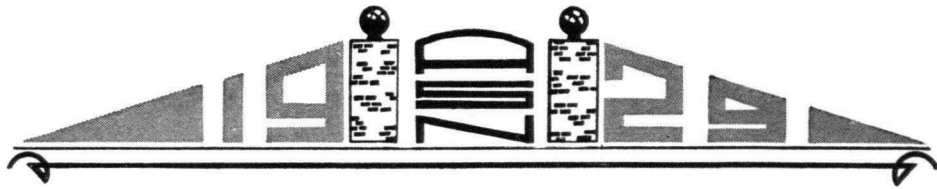
Think what a privilege is given you to keep things going while the whole world sleeps!

A. L. J., '29.



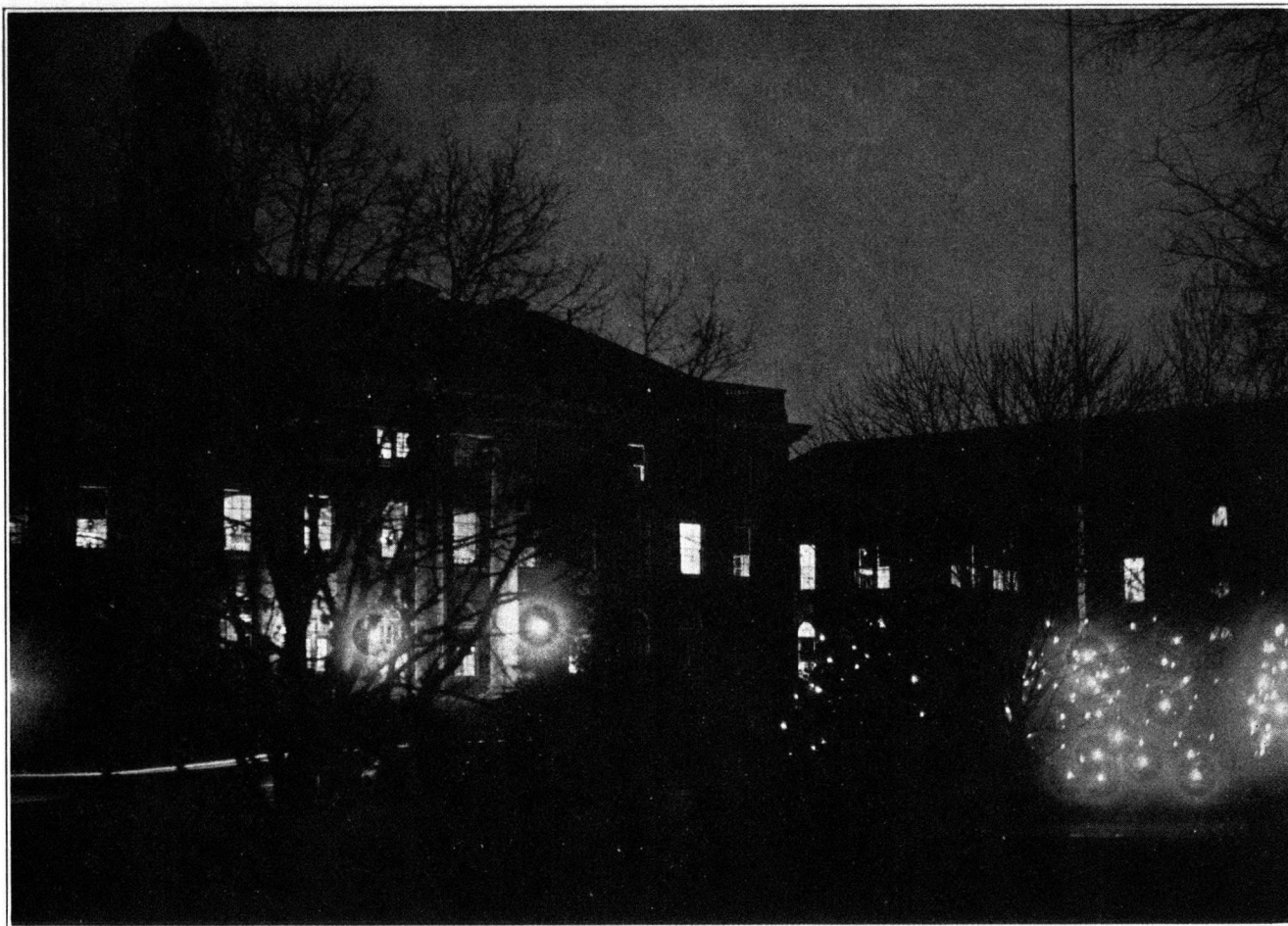
*"One For All and All For One"*



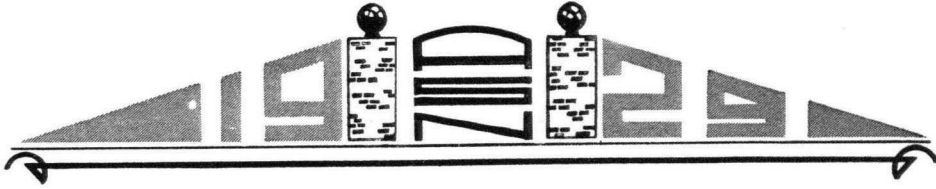


## THE DRAG-NET

Lightning .....	<i>Claire Pouchee</i>
The Girl Friend .....	<i>Helen Jurash</i>
Midnight Life .....	<i>Isobel Chase</i>
Lady Be Good .....	<i>Mildred Grundmeyer</i>
The Michigan Kid .....	<i>Aili Pantti</i>
Dynamite .....	<i>Ellen Kangas</i>
Mother Knows Best .....	<i>Betty Williams</i>
The Baby Cyclone .....	<i>Annis Spivey</i>
The Barker .....	<i>Ruth Nesbit</i>
The Fleet's In .....	<i>Reg Landgraff</i>
Dark Angel .....	<i>Kay Joliffe</i>
Kitty .....	<i>Jessie Locke</i>
Wild Fire .....	<i>Mary Sauser</i>
Rebellion .....	<i>Dot Hardin</i>
Restless Youth .....	<i>Helmi Holm</i>
Shanghai Bound .....	<i>Marg Joinville</i>
The Canary .....	<i>Gen Phillips</i>
Hunger Fighters .....	<i>Dot Darby</i>
Sassy Susie .....	<i>Dot Purnell</i>
Old Ironsides .....	<i>Bee Henry</i>
High Finance .....	<i>Alma Jakoubek</i>
Someone to Love .....	<i>Becky Jefferson</i>
The Shadow .....	<i>Shorty McCalmon</i>
Lone Star Ranger .....	<i>Tex Miller</i>
The Dark Horse .....	<i>Betty Ray</i>
The Red Dance .....	<i>Mary Cottingham</i>
High Flyer .....	<i>Peg Garvin</i>
Corn Huskers .....	<i>Ruth Austin</i>
Street Angel .....	<i>Nora Lee Williams</i>
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes .....	<i>Hattie White</i>
Heavy Traffic .....	<i>Helen Baier</i>
The Magnificent Flirt .....	<i>Grace Housel</i>
Cow Girl .....	<i>Dot Bradshaw</i>
Brains .....	<i>Mal Grieves</i>
Buddy .....	<i>Winnie Wilson</i>
The Racket .....	<i>Louise Nichols</i>
Gypsy of the North .....	<i>Edna Brunlett</i>
Skidding .....	<i>Alice Haughwout</i>
Tempest .....	<i>Virginia Hubbard</i>
Daddy Long-Legs .....	<i>Brightie Chenoweth</i>
The Wicked Saint .....	<i>Lila Olsn</i>
Broadway Nights .....	<i>Vera Dark</i>



*The Night Before Christmas at Walter Reed*



Walter Reed Hospital,  
Washington, D. C.  
January 1, 1929.

Col. Earl H. Smith,  
Comdg. 201st W. Va. N. G.,  
Fairmount, W. Va.

Dear Colonel:

This New Year's day finds me still a patient at Walter Reed Hospital. I am feeling better today than at any time since my accidental injury at Training Camp last summer.

I recall that you said it would be tough to spend the holidays in the hospital. It would be in most hospitals, but it has been an opportunity and a privilege for one to be here at this time of year.

I have not the ability or words at my command to tell you the wonderful holiday spirit that is prevalent here. The officers, graduate nurses, student nurses and medical corpsmen all have done everything possible to add to our comfort and happiness, not that they have been more attentive or painstaking than at any other period, but they have added the personal touch to the usual holiday greetings.

There are over three hundred graduate and student nurses here. They represent loyal, true and patriotic girls from almost all the states in the Union. These girls must meet the Army requirements; they consider themselves very fortunate to receive their training here.

Colonel, these girls are symbolic of the three graces. In our orthopedic ward where many of the patients are fastened to their beds with traction to immobilize broken arms, legs, backs, these girls are like little mothers to all. It is my opinion that many of the patients would give up if it were not for the tender and thoughtful care given them. The spirit of cheerfulness and optimism displayed by these Angels of Mercy makes one think of that verse in *The Quest of the Holy Grail*, which goes something like this:

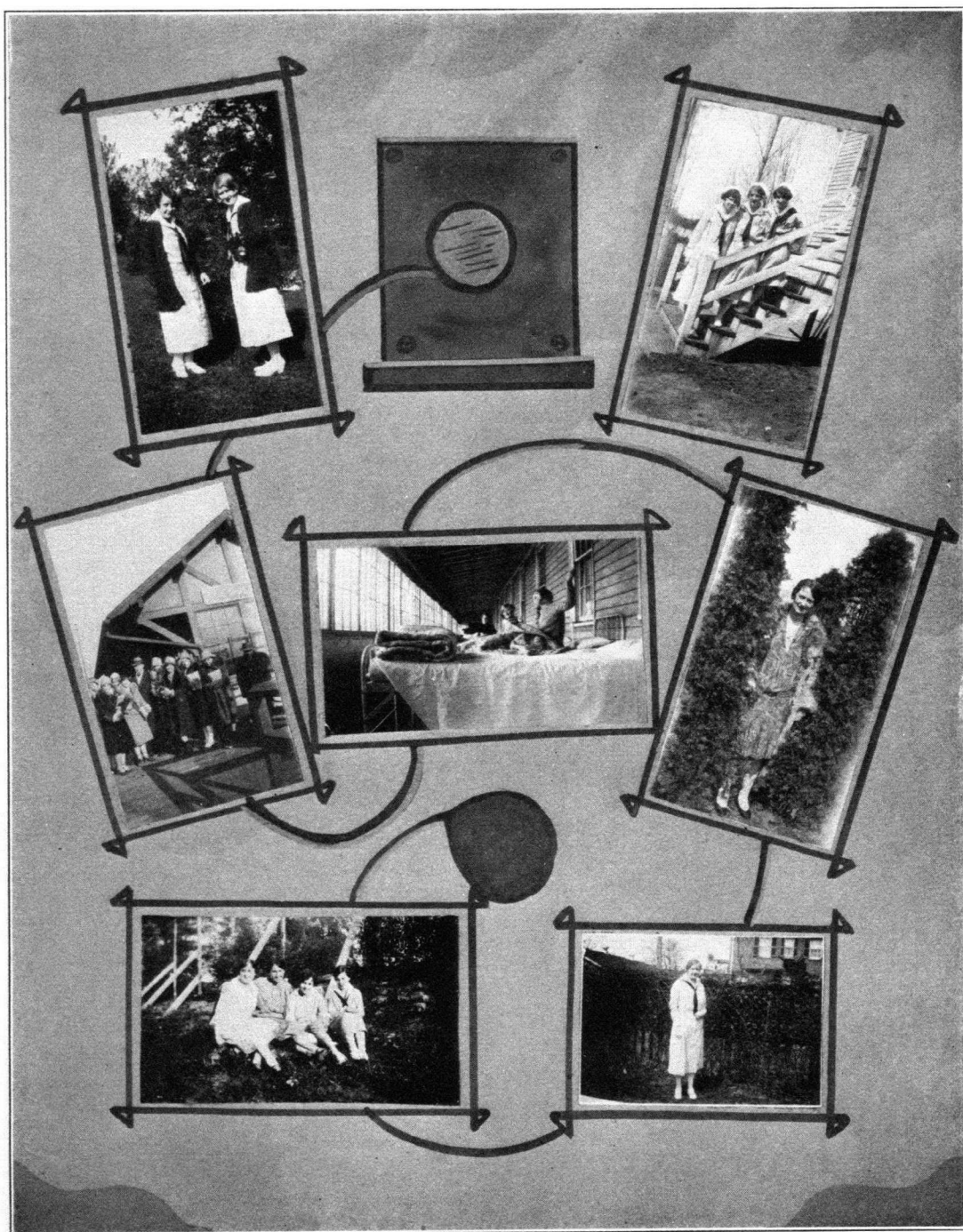
"It is not what we give, but what we share,  
For the gift without the Giver is bare.  
He who gives himself with his alms feeds three—  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

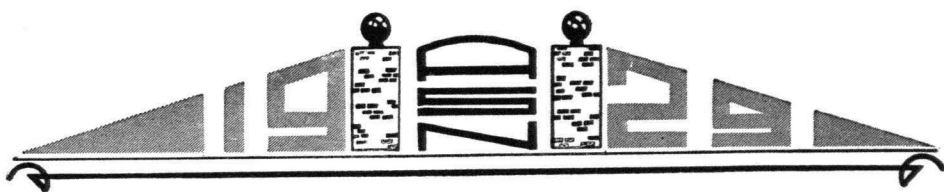
I only wish it might be possible for you to come and see me, to see for yourself the devotion, tenderness and patience shown us by these girls.

Hoping to be back home in the near future, and wishing you and yours a happy and prosperous New Year, I am

Very respectfully yours,

C. R. BOYLES,  
Cpl. Co. C., 201st Inf., W. Va. N. G.,  
Morgantown, W. Va.





## CLASS HISTORY

### I.

1926—Autumn:

The winding drives, intriguing paths to exotic gardens, gray walled, squat, wooden houses of Walter Reed.

Breezes, gentle—all too gentle to calm an excited, home-sick crowd of probationers. Standing on the steps of Nurses' Quarters I, gazing over the complicated landscape, is a new student—joyous, expectant youth, voluble, moldable.

Box-like rooms in Quarters III; forty-seven respective domains, rose, lavender, blue. Porch of beds—long line of first night restless figures. Sighs. Snores.

### II.

Days of strain, physical examinations, then blue dresses, white collars and cuffs, un-adjustable ties, white shoes striving ever to be black. On trial now. Classes, square or near square corners, reluctant mercury, Florence Nightingale, drills—Sunrise—Up, down—three, four. Sunset—Left, right—one, two.

### III.

Recreation Hut four months later—Big Sisters with snowy caps. Major Stimson presents Sport Model, Army 47. General Kennedy accepts probes. Result—Full-fledged student nurses.

Follows—Eight hour duty, beds, tables, beds, heart block, beds, the first hypo, beds. First General Inspection—mirth; second general inspection—awe; third general inspection—work. Six late passes a month.

### IV.

1927—September:

Two big Army trucks, thirty heart-broken, yet undaunted Juniors wrenched from the remaining seventeen. All aboard for "Philly."

Joyous days at Children's Hospital. Blacks and Whites alike—"Turtle," Johnnie Troutwein." Milk lab., liver, rolls of cotton and gauze.

Duty of ten nights of Maternity—drawn faces, agony, premies, olive oil.

Yuletide, Christmas carols, toys, shrieks, garlands.

Smoke through open windows, laughter in the halls, bad days, glad days.

Then the affiliates return. Two years gone. Vacations—east, west, north, south.

### V.

Senior year—more partings.

St. Elizabeth's; psychopathic personalities, treatment room, hydro, Q building—excited? Yes, excited!

Public Health—street cars, hovels, a cheerier word, end of the day.

Land of pots and pans. Department of tape-sponges and ether.

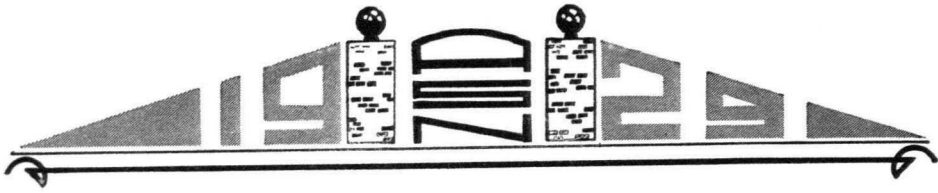
Roll-call no more, but classes, classes unceasingly.

### VI.

Three years at an end—white takes the place of blue.

Far and wide goes the spirit of the Class of 1929.

B. L. H., '29.



## THE 47 STUDENTS OF '29 RECEIVE THEIR CAPS

January 31, 1929.

"This is the time of year when annual exhibitions of many sorts are taking place. I shall borrow a little language from the description of the annual automobile show, to describe the new model of nurses that the Army School is presenting to the public.

Among the hundreds of beautiful new styles is an entirely new model, an advanced type, "the youthful, sports model," called the Army Forty-Seven. "Here is a real achievement in the 'nursing' world, produced by an organization that won its way by right of merit, now delivering a better type than ever, the product of a policy pledged to progress—that the American family may have with a moderate investment" a nurse "that gratifies their finer taste as well as that satisfies their every need."

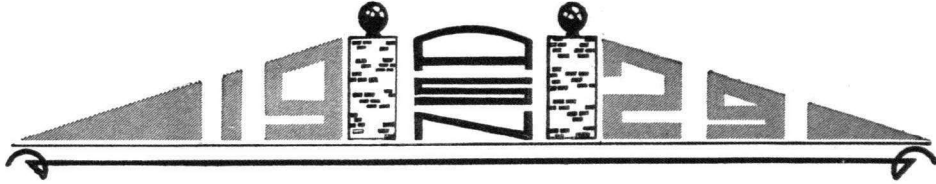
"This is the outstanding triumph of the exhibition. Long a notable leader in creative craftsmanship," the Army "now inaugurates an entirely new vogue in design that strikes so far beyond the ordinary standard that there is literally no comparison or parallel." Eight years of "intense engineering along the more advanced lines now culminate in this great achievement which presents the entire line of "Army students" in a position of outstanding leadership in value. Measure these "students" by the great standards of efficiency, economy, beauty, speed, power of endurance, and you will be impressed by their superiority in every one of these vital features."

But let us tell you a little more about this new model. We guarantee "smooth and spirited performance, high velocity, complete dependability, ability to hold the road and make the grade." The smooth functioning of the Forty-Seven absolutely and entirely eliminates the possibility of a crank case. Running evenly, "in action, it minimizes noise and wear. Nimble enough to turn in" an incredibly small space, "powerful enough" to take three flights of stairs without changing color, "fast enough to skim over the highway at 60 miles per hour and smart enough to be an ornament as well as a "nurse.

"The bodies are finished in lustrous "blue and white, "polished to a finish, distinctively beautiful, yet in conservative good taste. With features of a rich period design, the strong hard frame with joints that are morticed, wedged, glued, screwed and bolted, it gives extra strength in the principal points where extra strength is needed. The head-lights have double filament bulbs, one for bright and one for dim. On dim the light is bright and projects at a downward angle that gives ample vision with protection to oncomers and conforms to all state laws."

"Built and backed by an old-timer in the industry," the Army Forty-Seven "has been perfected by extreme road tests on the "Army's" million dollar proving ground," covering a period of four months. We now "present it to the public with a confidence inspired by the fact that the previous models presented by this organization have been accepted with such acclaim.





A three years' "trial under the roughest service conditions will prove to the public that this model," with its new "beauty of interior detail," is a type that cannot be withdrawn but must be continued because of popular demand and success.

Before launching this model upon the public we wish to speak a word of caution. "When breaking in the new model the engine can be prevented from being totally wrecked by driving it at a speed less than twenty-five miles an hour for the first 500 years." "This precaution is taken to wear in and adjust the parts."

Competition is great but it is with justifiable pride and confidence based upon the unparalleled success of the trial period that this youthful, sports model is presented to the public."

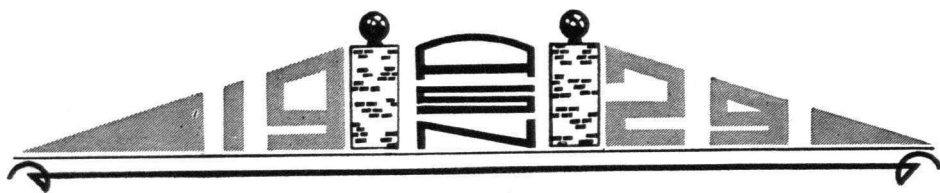
"WHEN BETTER" STUDENTS "ARE BUILT," THE ARMY "WILL BUILD THEM."



## NIGHT DUTY

I was sent on Night Du-ty  
To Third Floor—Maternity—  
At Xmas time! what *could* be worse?  
My poor little heart feels like it will burst;  
My feelings however mattered not,  
So I did what they said—right on the spot:  
And tonight is the longest night of the year.  
Think how I would sleep if I were not up here!  
Some day with pleasure I may remember  
How I am spending this December,  
At Xmas time—on Night Duty—  
On Third Floor—Maternity.

D. D. D., '29.



## CLASS WILL

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

We, the Senior Class of the Army School of Nursing, in this, the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, but realizing that graduation is nigh, and knowing that an impartial and just division of our amassed stores of experience, knowledge, professional pleasures and worldly accumulations is due our heirs, we do hereby make, declare and publish this Last Will and Testament, thus making void and revoking all wills heretofore made by us at any time.

Subject to receiving our diplomas, we hereby will, bestow, give and bequeath our estate, real and personal, and our affairs as follows:

#### ITEM ONE.

To Major General Ireland, our leader, we bequeath our sincere appreciation for his undying interest in our beloved school.

To General Kennedy, our respected commander, our grateful thoughts, as we shall never forget those smiles and greetings and words of encouragement throughout our three years of dwelling on his Post.

To Major Stimson, our beloved dean, our affection and admiration and sincere gratitude for all her cheerful words and thoughtfulnesses.

To Mrs. Flikke, our chief nurse, our gratitude for her interest in setting an example of a perfect nurse.

To Miss Tobin, our school director, our whole-hearted affection for everything she has done for us during our stay at Walter Reed.

To Miss Taylor, our chief supervisor, our admiration and respect for guiding our steps through the first hard year of Army life.

To Miss Hodgkins and Miss Johnson, our instructing supervisors, our appreciation for all they have done for us in the way of making us worth while nurses.

To all the faculty and supervisors, our gratitude and respect for their kindly guidance throughout the months.

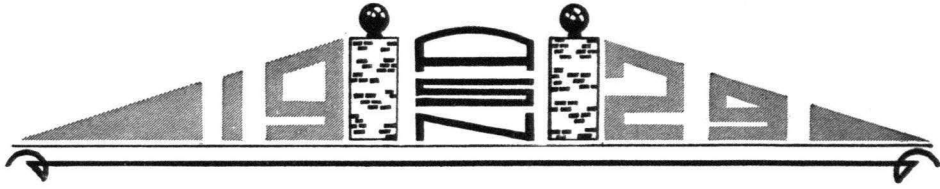
To ward surgeons and charge nurses, our appreciation for their patience and encouragement.

To the entire school, the responsibility of upholding the traditions and ideals of the Army School of Nursing.

#### ITEM TWO

To Philadelphia General Hospital, our zeal for bronze bells, maternity calls at 4 A. M., bird calls at 5 A. M., wanderers throughout the night and Student Government.

To Johns Hopkins Hospital, our ability to force fluids and complete charts—our promptness at doing these even at the expense of our meals, dates, etc.



To St. Elizabeth's Hospital, our way of making very fast friends among the sojourners temporarily abiding by its rules.

To the Instructive Visiting Nurse Society, our deepest appreciation for teaching us our way about the city, how to carry a fifteen pound bag twenty blocks and not get tired and how to manage a family of about ten on twelve dollars per week.

#### ITEM THREE

To the Class of 1930, we will all our duties, perplexities and pleasures, together with the Dormitory, back porch and back row seats in class.

To the Class of 1931, we leave our dignity, talents and Anatomy books, the piano in Quarters Five and "Sissy," the favorite quadruped of Quarters Two.

To all future classes, we bequeath Quarters Three for their first year, six late leaves a month, the Bliss Electrical School boys, and Miss Taylor's kind supervision, together with all the trials, pleasures and responsibilities that the Army School of nursing affords.

#### ITEM FOUR

To all thrill lovers, we leave a new carpenter shop and the memory of a certain night, or rather early morning, in December, together with all the thrills of flying back and forth to Quarters One with bag and baggage. May you be as fleet of foot as we were!

To those who live in Quarters Two and have the faint aroma of bacon and eggs wafted to their nostrils about 11 P. M., our fast friendships for Rose and Clara.

To the future Helen Wills of the school, the clay tennis court so near to the Quarters. May it continue to be the recipient of all exudates of untidiness from the dormitory!

To members of the Alpine Club, Rock Creek Park, with its cool spots, babbling stream, bridle paths, hidden springs, traffic cops, stone fireplaces and Miss Norris' good will.

To all followers of the Prince of Wales, our varied assortment of riders and habits, Mr. Hall's friendship, and our ability to save every penny for that dollar's worth of pleasure. May it always be a pleasure even two or three days thereafter!

To les maitres de la cuisine, our ability to make quarts and quarts of custard, to dodge when we hear the warning "Hot Stuff," and to get our week-ends at the desired time and interval.

#### ITEM FIVE

And now we hand down to posterity a few of the relics that have been near and dear to us of 1929:

We bequeath:

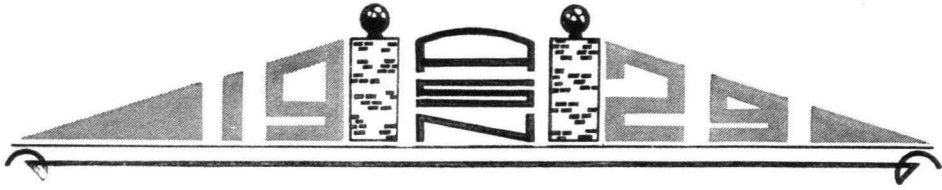
Dot Bradshaw's corner of the Rec Hut to Ann Jones.

Virginia Hubbard's haste at attending deliveries on Maternity to the Evensons.

Elva McCalmon's and Dot Purnell's sleeping ability to Maxine Hoskins.

Mary Cottingham's joie de vivre to Isabel Eldridge.

Dot Darby's vocal talents to Mary Page Wilder.



Reg Landgraff's and Louise Nichols' extensive vocabulary and buccal possibilities to Alice Claiborne.

Vera Dark's Bye-Lo sweetheart to Mabel Sibley.

Lila Olson's gray blanket and seat on the back porch to Ann Watson.

M. M. Sauser's and M. M. Grieves' few more M's to M. M. Marshall and M. M. McGarry.

Hattie White's and Becky Jefferson's blonde attractiveness to Lillian Bolt.

Alma Jakoubek's ability at "braiding" to Virginia Fouche.

Bee Henry's and Jessie Locke's various and sundry accents to Virginia Williams.

Winnie Wilson's place at the end of the line to Grace Young.

Elizabeth and Nora Lee Williams' room in Ward Six to those who need a rest.

Edna Bruntlett's Grecian beauty and "Graham" crackers to Verlie Heimsath.

Brightie Chenoweth's ability as a ventriloquist to Fax Frazier.

Ruth Austin's fortune at being first to graduate to Della Austin.

Isobel Chase's athletic abilities to Alice Kingsbury.

Dot Hardin's furry playmate, Sissy, to Miss Taylor.

Helmi Holm's and Grace Housel's close proximity to the phone to Lenore Parry.

Helen Baier's and Ruth Nesbitt's "extras" to Helen Graham.

Alice Haughwout's optimism to Mary Palmer.

Annis Spivey's bed in Ward 100 to anyone on I. V. N. S.

Betty Ray's and Claire Pouchee's undying zeal for bridge to Mildred Grosjean.

Aili Pantti's and Ellen Kangas' ability to be Finnish-ed before starting to Aurora Karvi.

Helen Jurash's distinction as the only Washingtonian to Catherine Sagrario.

Louise Miller's dry humor and good nature to Catherine Baya.

Gen. Phillips' alarm clock for Sunday mornings to Ann Landgraff.

Peg Garvin leaves the diet kitchen forever and ever to all those unlucky student nurses who, as yet, have not delved into the secrets of diabetic muffins and "brains."

#### ITEM SIX

Lastly—to our "Boys" we leave our hearty appreciation for the years in which they so trustingly and patiently allowed and endured our efforts at back rubbing, bathing, treating, bandaging, etc.

#### ITEM SEVEN

Placing supreme confidence in Chaplain Oliver and Second Lieutenant Ruth D. Johnson to execute the provisions of this will, we nominate and appoint them as sole executor and executrix—but relieve them of giving bond or obtaining any court order to carry into effect the provisions of this will.

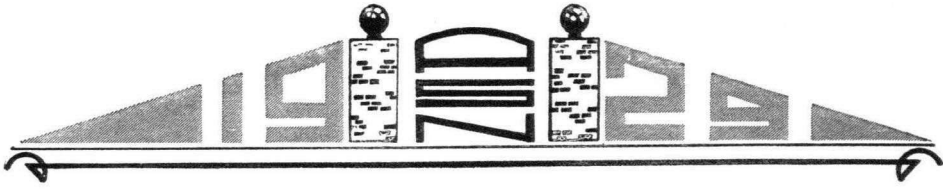
In witness hereof, we, the Graduating Class of 1929, have herewith set our hands and affixed our seals this twenty-ninth day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine.

M. HELEN BAIER.

Witnesses:—

First Lieutenant Ruth I. Taylor,

Second Lieutenant Sarah Stevenson.



## SENIOR RINGS

Oh, little stone of amethyst,  
Your palely flickering light  
Will serve to keep me from my dreams  
Through-out this coming night.

Oh, little stone all lavender,  
Enthroned in pale gold band  
How beautiful—how wonderful,  
You look upon my hand!

Oh, purple stone and golden band,  
To me you tell a tale:  
I've earned the right to wear you,  
And your trust I cannot fail.

You mean that I'm a Senior now—  
That I have stood the test—  
And only one year's left to me  
In which to give my best.

Oh, little stone of amethyst,  
And narrow golden band,  
How wonderful—how wonderful,  
You look upon my hand!

—D. D. D.





## CLASS PROPHECY

Alice of the famous Adventures in Wonderland is an eternal existent. Year after year she has popped down the rabbit hole.

It was in the latter half of the twentieth century that she varied her downward trip a bit by selecting at random a book from one of the shelves that she was passing. "Lives of the Graduates of the Army School of Nursing, Year 1929," she read.

"Well, I've often wondered what became of nurses after they were graduated from their schools. I'll read this," mused Alice and she opened the book and began.

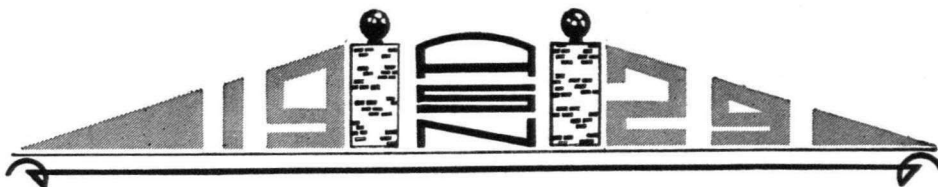
### LIVES OF THE GRADUATES OF THE ARMY SCHOOL OF NURSING, YEAR, 1929, DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the "Mock Turtle" whose very famous poem, "Turtle Soup," has come down the years to haunt us with its lovely cadences,

"Soup of the ee-evning,  
Beautiful, beau—ti—ful Soup."

After practicing her profession as Night Supervisor at Children's Hospital for 12 years, Betty Ben Ray married a representative of the United Corn Products Company and gives lectures on "How to Make Your Corn Yield One Hundred Per Cent" to the outlying districts of Virginia.





Shortly after graduating Elva McCalmon married a West Point man from Mississippi. Dear little Yankee! Many adjustments were necessary before she realized that a grain of salt is a handy little necessity, but that it in no way detracts from the flavor.

If you visit New York go to that smart Woman's Shop on Fifth Avenue. Madam may come forth to greet you graciously—perhaps effusively. If so, you rate! Visiting members of the Class of '29 have recognized in Madam—Grace Housel. Though in the passing years Grace has seen many beautiful gowns she can always enthuse over a new frock.

After several years spent in the nursing game, Mary Cottingham spread her wings and flew to far fields. She became Hostess in one of the large southern hotels. She was very good at this and no poor little wall-flower ever shivered behind a protecting post in her domain. She had friends enough to supply all of the "flops" with partners. her success was so pronounced that in response to an inquiry a once reader of the nursery rhymes quoted:

"What makes the men like Mary so?  
An eager woman cried,  
Because Mary likes the men, you know,  
A man calmly replied."

Mildred Grundmeyer was a part of the Army Nurse Corps for six years. She then became manager for the "We Do Them Rite the First Time" photographic studios. In 1947 she invented a device which has made her the most famous lady photographer on record. Two of her well known photographs are: *The Pituitary Gland at Rest*, and *The Inner Workings of the Mind*.

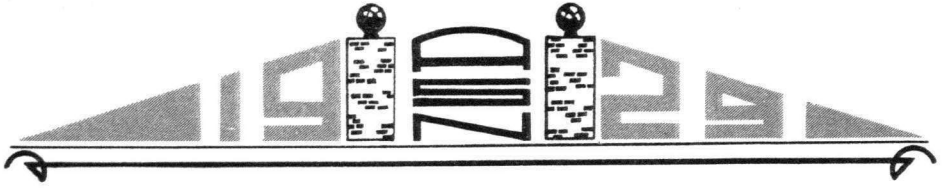
Shortly after graduating Katherine Jolliffe was given a place on the staff of the Journal, The Why and Wherefore of Which. She has charge of the question and answer department.

Margaret Joinville went out West after she graduated and accepted a position with a Western Movie Company. In a few years she became one of our most famous stars. Her best work was in "Scarlet Shadows," "Omar Khayam," and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Regina Landgraff joined the Army Nurse Corps. She was stationed at many of the army hospitals, but after a few years she was sent back to Walter Reed and was assigned to duty on Second Floor as assistant to Miss Kerwin. She and Miss Kerwin have been fellow workers and friends for many years and still "swear" by each other.

HOW MUCH TIME DO YOU GIVE TO YOUR LOOKS? WE WIN 95% OF YOUR BATTLE WITH AGE. TRUST US! This sign is blazoned across Broadway. It speaks for Vera Dark, whose Beauty Aids are known over two and a half continents.

Virginia Hubbard became manager in Vera Dark's organization. Go in some time! They will stop the friendly argument they are probably having and before you



leave you will have a firm resolve to rob the family dime bank for one of the new 'permanents.'

Alma Jakoubek, soon after graduating, opened a Psychopathic Diagnostic Clinic in Vienna. Jakie is a great success and enjoys lecturing on such subjects as: Masochism, Narcissism, Negativism, and Defense Mechanisms.

Rebecca Jefferson became a public school nurse. She has become so efficient that she has no awe of a Koplik Spot and knows when a child is going to have scarlet fever before he has been exposed. Her favorite perfume is of larkspur and ether.

Genevieve Phillips reached the top after a flurried climb up the ladder of success in nursing, only to dive into the sea of matrimony. She came up with one perfectly good husband and four blonde progenies. She has psyched, taught and prophylaxed them to such an extent that in response to an anxious question from her, her husband replied, "Good? H——, we're perfect!"

During her training Ruth Nesbitt became interested in pernicious anemia. She began experimenting, and soon found the vitamine XYZ especially valuable in the liver of our little friend, Molly Cottontail. Her company produces one-sixth of the vitamine XYZ used in the treatment of anemia. By-products: Rabbit's Feet and Powder Puffs.

Helen Jurash became assistant in the Pediatric Department at Blockley. She and Miss Fawcett have a model department. Helen is very successful. Her presence is always welcome. She can overlook the fact that some little patient has one of his socks in his mouth rather than on his pedal extremity; and never expects one small shirt to take the place of two.

After being with the Army Nurse Corps for fourteen years, Lila Olson became President of the American Nursing Association. She has made thirty-two trips to Europe to study methods and management in various hospitals.

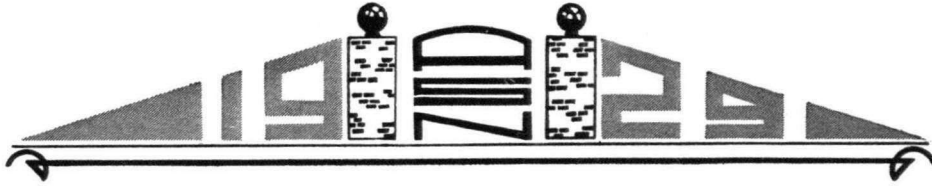
After a few years with the Army Nurse Corps Margaret Garvin took Miss Schulte's place at Walter Reed Hospital. She was very efficient; knew where each blanket was and the exact condition of every mattress cover. She made rounds on Saturday and always gave the Dormitory "Superior." After an epoch of this however she became restless and is now one of the expert Air Service Mail Pilots.

Beatrice Henry married a Professor of Harvard and keeps a handy bottle of iodine for use on her seven sons, after they have had a hard day on the football field.

One night as Helmi Holm was crossing the street she was struck by a speeding machine. This made a radical change in her. She became extremely loquacious, seldom using less than two thousand words a day. She has given up nursing to watch the papers for "Talking Marathons."

Helen Baier traveled over the world as secretary of the A. N. A. for ten years. She then returned and married the "boy from home." After several years they became owners and proprietors of the largest Emporium in the city.

Annis Spivey married soon after she finished training. Hers is a model household—twentieth century. She is quoted in the Centerville Chimes: "Encourage your children to tell you things. You will be surprised how much they will contribute to your general knowledge. They will surprise you by their powers of observation. Tell



them the things they should know and there will be little room left for the things they do not know."

In a quaint village in Florida, on a quiet side street, stands a cool looking white house, surrounded by a restful garden. Back of the house are many two and three-room kiosks. Tranquillity prevails. One afternoon a group of people got off the 2 P. M. daily and after inquiring at the station, made their way to this house. The group was composed of one woman and three children. As the group went up the walk the boys began to tiptoe following quietly the short, valiant, slightly pigeon-toed little mother who puffing a bit went up the steps and rang the bell. A tall dark still slender woman opened the door. A quick change of glances, then: "Texie!" "Ruth!" Yes, Ruth Austin has an inviting home for those on whom the cares of the world have rested too heavily and who want a time of quiet and rest.

Louise Miller married a prosperous farmer and beside these three boys, has a girl in college who boasts a most interesting collection of Annuals.

Dorothy Darby went on the stage shortly after her graduation and bid fair to become a very great dancer, but drafty wings, excitable managers and pink notes, proved too much for her. But temperament will out! She is one of America's leading poetesses and bids fair to rival Elizabeth Browning.

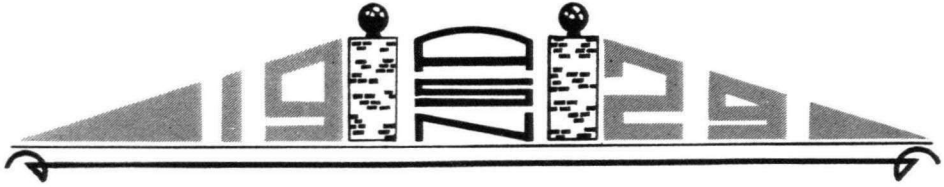
Dorothy Hardin did private duty for several years. In the third year of this work she took a case, a mature gentleman with arteriosclerosis. But however hard his arteries his heart was soft and a quiet romance developed. Dot entered the married state only to learn her husband was a multimillionaire. She spends many happy afternoons driving the Walter Reed student nurses about Washington.

Nora Lee Williams has charge of the nursery in a large orphanage. At no time is she so happy as when placing a sulky binder on an indignant little squirmer or directing a spoonful of bread pudding toward a rosebud mouth.

Ellen Kangas went to Alaska after graduating and has charge of the Health Center in Juneau. Every year she is "frozen in," from November until the April thaws. But she loves it and enjoys her little family, far away from the busy marts of men.

For several years Aili Pantii and Louise Nichols were nurses on a Transatlantic Liner. On one trip the ship was blown from its course far to the north. All of the people were forced to land on an ice floe. Nick and Aili won instant admiration by their ability to meet an emergency. They quickly made a fire by rubbing two pieces of ice together and all were soon warm and cheerful. Though the subsequent diet proved rather fishy they all survived. After many days and after each had been supplied with a Hudson seal coat they were rescued. All were lavish in praise of the two heroic nurses. A representative of the New Zealand Ice and Coal Company offered them positions as efficiency experts. They are now with this company.

Winifred Wilson became a model mistress of the rectory. She has fashioned a working model ten commandments, from which we quote: "Five days of the week shalt thou rest, for on Saturday must be done cleaning and baking for the Sunday guests." "Bread is the staff of life, but what is bread without jam, pie, cake, and roast chicken." "Great must be thy tact in offering suggestions to members of the church choir." "A well directed yawn may suppress an enthusiastic husband when it



is within the second hour of the service." "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone, but beware lest it prove a boomerang."

Claire Pouchee shortly after graduating, took a course in "Points of a Great Detective." She followed this profession for several years, reading diligently all books she could find to add to her store of knowledge. She became well known for her incorrigible disguises. When last heard of she had on a green raincoat and black spats, and was with Miss Keener, searching for a recalcitrant student nurse out after 10 P. M.

Jessie Locke practiced her profession for a few years, but then gave it up to become a rocking chair saleswoman. She has the medal for selling the largest number of the specialty, the "Singing Rocker." Her methods are unique. She takes along her knitting and rocks in this chair, singing softly "Far Into the Night." The chair supplies a tender accompaniment. There is always a sale.

Alice Haughwout was with the Army Nurse Corps for several years. She was sent to Manila. There she became very much interested in the Kaliugas of the hill countries. She saw their needs were great and determined to help them. She translated Grey's Anatomy and Physiology into their language and saw that every home was supplied with a copy. The natives have gotten much from these books and especially do they admire the "pretty pictures."

Shortly after she finished training Dorothy Bradshaw married a real he-man. Soon she made a trip to Paris for a year and when she returned she determined to give her life to her art. She has spent many years drawing designs for the Morrison Company, Uniforms for Nurses.

For twenty years Malvina Grieves worked to isolate the bug of erythema multiforma in thirty laboratories, seventeen countries and upon seven thousand one hundred and six patients. At last success crowned her efforts. One day she dragged him forth, squirming and kicking. She was at this time in Timbuktu and she started on a hurried trip home. Despite her valuable knowledge of dietetics, his food did not agree with him. He became seasick and melancholy. One night he took two hundred cubic centimeters of I. Q. & S. from a bottle which had been carelessly left near. He was much stimulated and by the time he reached the United States, though slightly bitter, he had an iron constitution. Mal no longer fears for him but proudly exhibits him all over the country.

Hattie White joined the I. V. N. S. as Director of Calamities Committee. She is always the first to reach the scene of a disaster and brings order out of chaos. Whooping cough emergencies are her specialty. She knows the best method for displacing a misdirected phlegm.

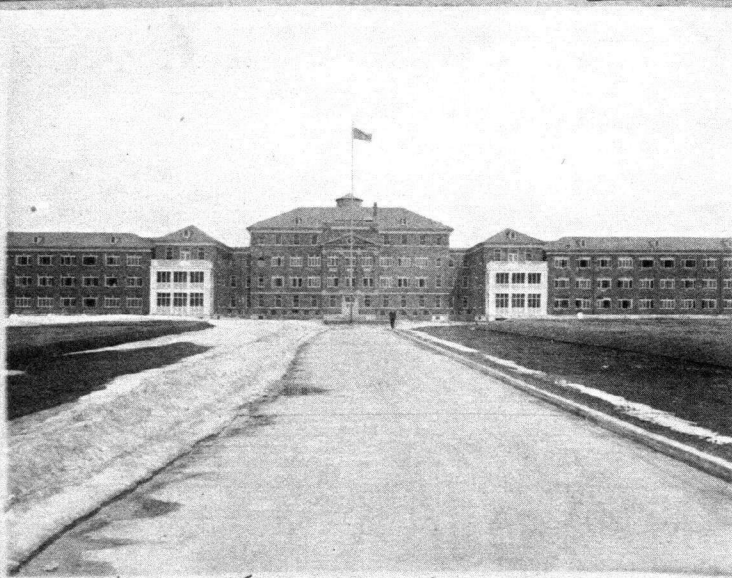
Eddie Bruntlett, Dorothy Purnell, Brightie Chenoweth, Elizabeth Williams and Mary Sauser married and lived happily ever after.

"Hum!" said Alice, closing the book. Then noting by the approaching light that she had almost reached the bottom of the hole, she hastily placed the book on a shelf marked Apple-sauce, straightened her hair, and hit the ground with a soft thump.

C. E. P.

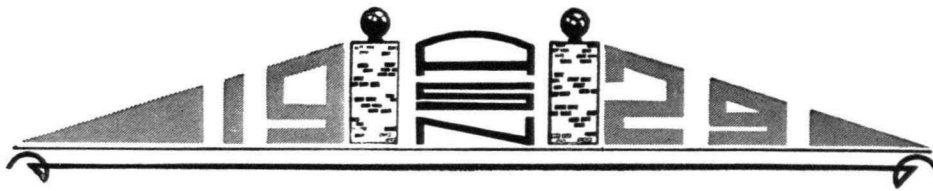


**THE GOVERNMENT NURSING SERVICES**



*U. S. H. Hospital - Summit N. Y.*





## UNITED STATES VETERANS' BUREAU

Washington, December 10, 1928.

### TO THE GRADUATES OF THE ARMY SCHOOL OF NURSING:

To send a word of greeting through your year-book is indeed a privilege. This past year has been an important one in the U. S. Veterans' Bureau Nursing Service. We have been able to recommend and have accepted, the raising of entrance requirements to include a four-year High School course. The salary has also been increased to \$105 per month, with full maintenance. Post graduate courses for the nurses in the service have been recommended.

There are now approximately 1900 nurses on duty in the hospitals of the service, which number 51. There are also nurses on duty in 50 Regional Offices. These nurses make a valuable contribution in maintaining the health of our beneficiaries who are ill with tuberculosis or a surgical or medical condition, and who are not in hospitals. An all-graduate nurse staff is maintained, thereby giving to the ex-service men and women the best possible nursing care.

We are proud to have so many of the graduates of the Army School of Nursing become members of our staff of graduate nurses. One of your graduates, Miss Mable Gray, is an Assistant Chief Nurse at U. S. Veterans' Hospital, North Chicago. Many others are head nurses and staff nurses. The contributions made by the graduates of the Army School of Nursing who are members of our staff, to the Nursing Service of this Bureau, and the splendid manner in which they have assumed so consistently their share of responsibility, are very much appreciated, and it is hoped that in the future we may have many more of your graduates as members of our staff.

Please accept my good wishes for the continued success of the Army School of Nursing in the good work it is doing.

Sincerely yours,

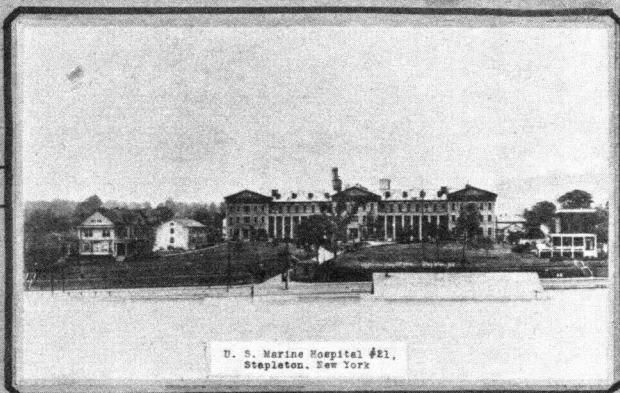
MARY A. HICKEY,  
Superintendent of Nurses,  
U. S. Veterans' Bureau.



Outdoor uniform of the  
Public Health Service



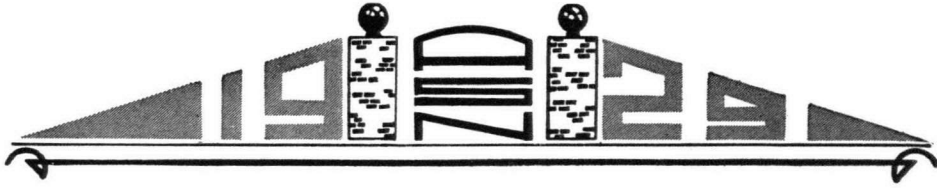
Group of Nurses.  
U. S. Marine Hospital No. 19,  
San Francisco, California



U. S. Marine Hospital #21,  
Stapleton, New York



Group of Medical Officers, Nurses, Aides, and Dietitians



## TREASURY DEPARTMENT

### *Bureau of the Public Health Service*

Washington, December 22, 1928.

The Nursing Service of the Public Health Service was established in March, 1919, when this service was made responsible for the medical care and treatment of disabled veterans of the World War.

It was no small task demanded of the Public Health Service to organize almost over night a hospital service for the disabled veterans who were coming home by the thousands. There were but fifteen hundred beds available in the hospitals of the Public Health Service, and these were occupied in large part by the beneficiaries of the Service.

The nurses of the Public Health Service are under Civil Service regulations (a civilian service): therefore, the first necessity was to establish machinery in the Civil Service for securing an adequate number of nurses. Qualifications for nurses were based on the standards already adopted by the Army, Navy, and Red Cross.

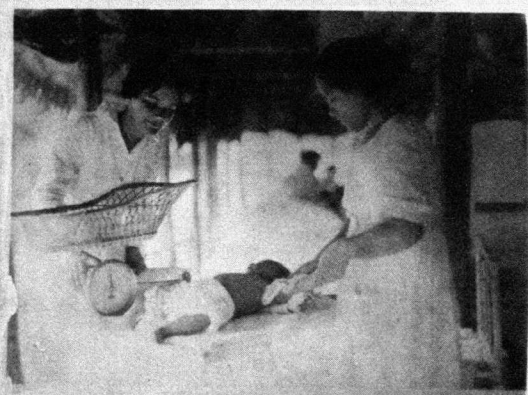
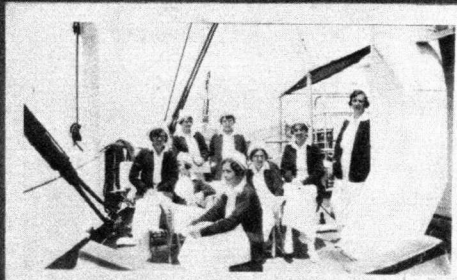
There were established a group of about sixty hospitals with a nursing service of fifteen hundred nurses in three years (exclusive of the regular hospitals of the Service). These hospitals were transferred to the Veterans' Bureau in 1922. Since that time the Public Health Service has continued to operate twenty-five hospitals for the care of regular Service beneficiaries. These beneficiaries include merchant seamen, civilian employees on transports, members of coast guard, light house and life-saving services, Government employees injured in line of duty, and a number of other workers in Government Service. Disabled ex-service men, soldiers, sailors, and marines are also treated at these hospitals when indicated.

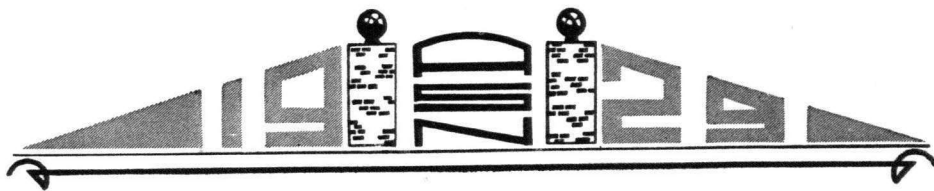
The bed capacity has increased from fifteen hundred to thirty-five hundred beds, and it is expected that this capacity will be further increased by the building of several new hospitals in the more or less immediate future. New hospitals are under construction at Cleveland, Ohio; and Detroit, Michigan. It is expected to build new and better hospitals at San Francisco, California; New Orleans, Louisiana; and Galveston, Texas. In addition to general hospitals the Public Health Service is in charge of the National Leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana, with three hundred and seventy-two beds and three hundred and one patients, a tuberculosis hospital at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, and three small temporary hospitals for trachoma cases. These trachoma hospitals vary in number and size, dependent upon the needs of the communities which they serve. They are a part of the program for the study, prevention, and eradication of trachoma in the United States.

Nurses are appointed to all of the services within the Public Health Service. They serve in the control of communicable diseases, in quarantine stations, and in epidemics; in child hygiene and other clinics, in out-patient offices, and in all activities of the Public Health Service where nurses may be needed. There are at present on duty three hundred and ninety nurses of which number about twenty are in public health work.



INSTRUCTION IN BAKING  
BY CORPS STENOGRAPHIC  
AND COOK, MAY 12, 1914





## A NURSE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

By J. BEATRICE BOWMAN, *Superintendent, Navy Nurse Corps.*

When one thinks of the navy, he naturally thinks of men and of ships, and so he should, for there could be no navy without men or without ships. Pouring over old stories of the United States Navy or reading its traditions, no mention is made of women. It is not that the deeds of women were forgotten but until 1908, there really were no women in the navy. It is different now and future histories of the United States Navy can hardly fail to make some mention of the work done by the nurses, who are the only women in the navy.

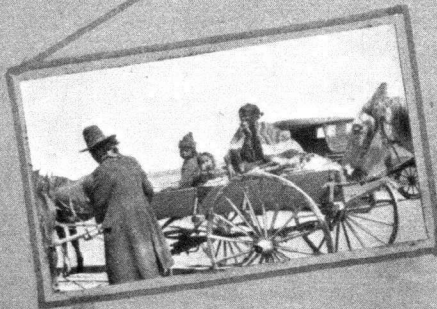
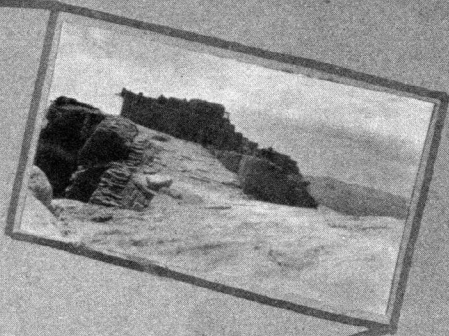
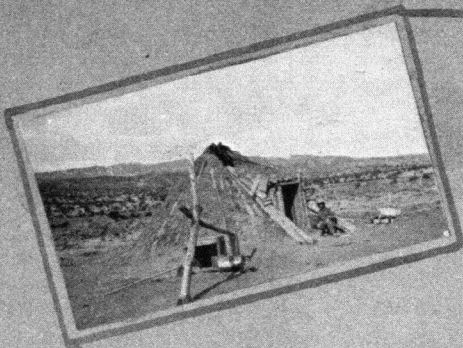
The nurses are all graduates and they lead a very interesting and varied life. Their duties take them to many places both in the United States and on foreign shores. They may be on hospital ships or transports or they may be at one of the hospitals ashore.

As it is not practicable for women to be stationed on all ships, it is necessary to have trained men to help care for the sick. These men are the pupil nurses or students and they are given a complete course of training at Hospital Corps Training Schools and hospitals, where nurses are among the instructors.

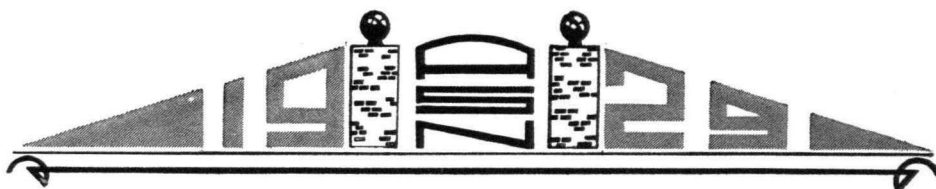
In Guam, Samoa and the Virgin Islands, there are training schools for native nurses. These schools are under the supervision of the Medical Department of the United States Navy and navy nurses are in direct charge. A tour of duty in these Islands makes a very pleasant and interesting change. From the outlying stations, the nurses often visit other countries on their annual leave and they bring back a wealth of interesting material for their storehouse of memories to be called upon when entertaining friends at home, or when they meet other nurses who have traveled the same road. It may be that the nurse re-travels her road in fancy, as a recreation, when she is troubled about the real things.

We invite all graduate nurses to take a cruise with us. It will not be a water cruise, wholly, for nurses spend the early part of their navy life at one of the large hospitals in the United States so that they may find out themselves whether or not they like the work, also for those in authority to determine the nurse's fitness for this special branch of nursing. Not all nurses have the executive and teaching ability which the navy requires but for those who do, an interesting and constructive work is open to them.









## NURSING WORK IN THE INDIAN SERVICE

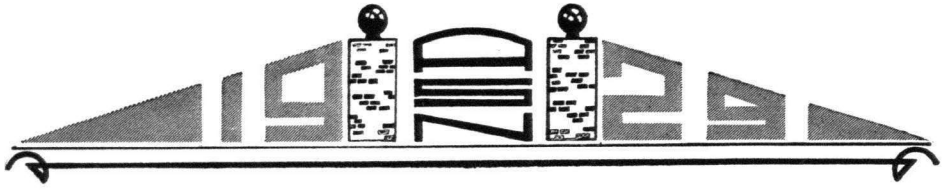
IN 1873, the first recognized steps were taken toward furnishing medical facilities for the Indians. The army surgeons on duty with the troops stationed in Indian country had been called upon for some of the most necessary medical and surgical care by Indians who were friendly to the white man and his methods. In 1885 the first hospital was established in relation to an Indian Agency and School. Since that time the growth of this service has been steady and consistent.

For many years the nursing work was unorganized and the nurses had no recognized status or pay schedule nor were their activities supervised by nurses. There was but one grade of position and, regardless of the amount of responsibility, the pay remained the same. The nurses who first went into the Indian Service were women of unusually devoted spirit, as a general thing they did not mind the hardships, they accepted the difficulties of dealing with primitive people, they made the best of the isolation and utilized their professional equipment to the best of their ability in many situations where half a loaf was better than "no bread."

As the frontiers have receded the need for this type of pioneering has disappeared. There are many civilian hospitals in sections where even 20 years ago the prairies stretched for miles almost uninhabited. In 1924 the nursing work was put on the same basis of organization as the Public Health Service and the Veterans' Bureau. The pay schedule was raised, different grades of work were established corresponding to the duties involved, a supervisor of nurses was appointed and the working conditions were reviewed with a view to building up better conditions of service. This work has taken time but at the end of four years the results begin to show in that the nurses are remaining in the service for longer periods, more nurses are interested in the activities, and many new phases of nursing work are developing because of the initiative of the nurses and because there is a keener appreciation of their work.

At the present time there are positions for 140 hospital nurses; these positions are for staff nurses, head nurses and chief nurses. The chief nurses are usually promoted from within the service as this policy tends to build up the stability of the organization. There are 13 positions for traveling surgical nurses whose work is with the eye, ear, nose and throat specialists who are detailed to visit within large areas, doing the necessary operative procedures within their territory. There are some sixty hospitals which are operated solely in connection with the Indian Service Boarding Schools. The nurses in this case deal only with children from 6 to 20 years of age. There is here a great deal of opportunity to influence the coming generation, as their contact with the school hospital is bound to have a lasting effect on their attitude toward the ways of the white "medicine man."

There are also 13 sanatoria for the care of the tuberculous. Some of these admit only children and are spoken of as school-sanatoria. There is also one hospital for



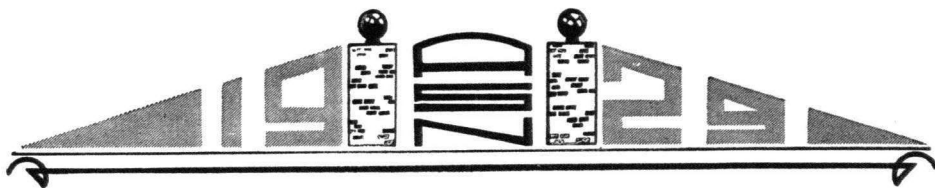
insane Indians. Much of the nursing care in these institutions depends on the nurses' ability to create an atmosphere which interests and trains the patients in a way of living that is adapted to their physical limitations. To do this for white people is not so very difficult, but to do it for a race so recently adapted to the prevailing customs requires patience and ingenuity. This is a very real type of nursing therapy.

Last, and in some ways the most important, is the public health nurse whose title is "field nurse." She is stationed on the reservation, living usually in a little cottage with a dispensary room for an office and work-room, sometimes in an isolated district, sometimes near the reservation hospital and the administrative offices but pretty much always in demand for finding out what people need, whether they are sick, influencing them to follow the doctors directions, explaining the value of cleanliness, illustrating the simple nursing care that often must be done at home, leading the way toward habits and attitudes that will bring about better conditions for health, and less fear, ignorance and superstition. Her activities are all based on their educational value; she is to concentrate on teaching health and must have the keenest appreciation of the available methods of approach and a wide sympathy for a condition of mind that she has probably never experienced but which she recognizes without showing any attitude of superiority.

Nurses in the Indian Service must meet the requirements of the Civil Service Commission. This includes certain basic educational qualifications, accredited professional qualifications as to the school of nursing and state registration, good health and good moral character. The Service needs nurses who are willing to serve where they are needed but tries to meet the preference of the nurse as to the part of the country in which she desires to be located. The special interest of the individual nurse as to the type of nursing work is always given consideration and promotions are made for satisfactory work.

The Indian Service offers certain attractions which perhaps appeal only to a limited number of people but which undoubtedly have a strong appeal to those few. Many of us enjoy the contact with a primitive people; the problems in psychology are a constant surprise and interest; to many people the wide open spaces bring a never ending refreshment; some enjoy the pioneer conditions of simple living, away from the complexities of too much distraction; many nurses vastly prefer taking care of those whose need is greater than they themselves realize; the work is essential; the Service is growing, there is opportunity for experience in the basic work of organization. Most of these factors offer real values for professional growth and constructive leadership.





## THE ARMY NURSE CORPS

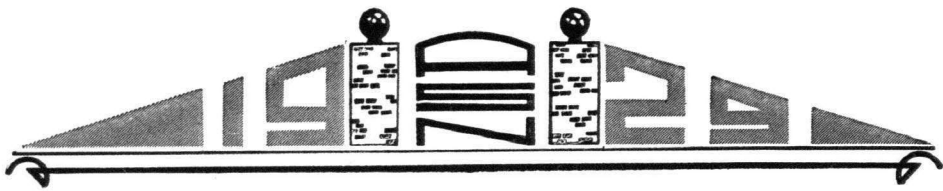
NURSES have been a part of the Medical Department of the United States Army since the Spanish American War, the Army Nurse Corps having been established by an Act of Congress in 1901. These nurses had already seen service in the Philippine Islands, Cuba, Porto Rico, and China before that memorable day, April 6, 1917, on which the United States entered the World War.

The Nurses from civil life, ready, eager and willing, soon offered their services by the thousands, were accepted and sent to the training camps as fast as orders could be issued. Units were gathered together and equipped for foreign duty. Like their predecessors, who 19 years before had followed our Army to the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico, these young women set sail on a dangerous sea for another country, side by side with the men, ready for anything they might be called upon to do. Now, ten years later, the Army Nurse Corps much reduced in size, carries on. The war-maimed and sick soldier is still with us. The regular Army too, needs care for its officers and men and their families.

Many changes have taken place in the corps. Legislation has been enacted giving the nurse her proper place in the service. The pay she receives seems at first glance poor, but when one considers the emoluments that accrue, the young woman who accepts service in the Army with a view of making it a career has much to be thankful for. She has substantial increases of salary every three years up to ten years. She is given additional pay for positions in the higher grades and eventually is retired with a minimum of 60% of her pay after 20 years' service, providing she has reached the age of 50 years.

During her years of active service she has marvelous opportunities for travel, study in civilian institutions at government expense and on full pay and allowances, recreation to her individual taste, and social diversions if she cares for them. The travel alone is one of the greatest advantages the corps has to offer. She has plenty of time to see everything of note in Hawaii, China, Japan, the Philippines, and Porto Rico. If a nurse is far-sighted and wishes to circumnavigate the globe she will save her leave and return from the Philippines or China, via Europe. In addition to the leave she may have, the government allows 53 days to make the journey. Many of the nurses have traveled six months before returning to the United States.

Life in the Army has many advantages for the young women who want to broaden their education. Some have secured degrees from Columbia University and have been able to obtain positions not ordinarily available to the unprepared. Many others also have had courses at other colleges.



To be eligible to an appointment in the Army Nurse Corps, an applicant must be a graduate of an accredited school for nurses, a registered nurse, a citizen of the United States, and between the ages of 22 and 32 years. She is obliged to pass a physical examination prior to her entrance into the service and again immediately after she has been accepted. An annual physical examination is now also required of members of the Army Nurse Corps, who must be able to perform their duties in all climates. Those nurses who fulfill the prescribed conditions as to physical, professional, and educational qualifications are placed upon the eligible list for appointment as their services are required. Applicants for the regular corps are not appointed unless they agree to serve for a period of three years. Resignations, however, prior to the expiration of the three year period are accepted if necessary.

In June, 1920, a bill was passed by Congress granting relative rank to members of the Army Nurse Corps. While Army nurses are not commissioned, their standing in the Army corresponds to that of commissioned officers. Their position since receiving rank has been greatly dignified and their privileges increased. All nurses entering the corps are given the relative rank of second lieutenant.

The present pay of members of the Army Nurse Corps ranges from \$70 per month for the first three years to \$130 per month after nine years' service. Chief nurses receive \$50 per month in addition to their pay as nurses. This present pay scale is not satisfactory and a new pay bill is in the process of completion recommending a flat salary of \$100 a month to start with.

Army nurses are assigned to duty at hospitals in the United States and abroad, according to the needs of the service. The first station is in the United States, in order that their adaptability to community life such as exists in an Army post may be ascertained. It is not customary to assign a nurse to foreign duty until after her first year of service. The tour of duty beyond the continental limits of the United States is two years in the Philippines and three years in China, Hawaii, and Porto Rico.

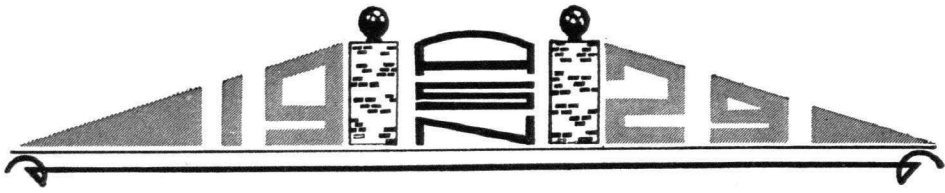
The special advantages of service in the Army Nurse Corps are the great interest of assisting medical officers who are doing scientific work of the highest order; the great variety of the nursing service; the opportunity for travel and study; the pleasant hours of duty; the delightful home and social life in many stations, and, after several years of service, the good pay.

Hospitals where nurses are assigned are scattered to the four corners of the United States, which makes it possible to assign a nurse in any part of the country she chooses.

There is a certain pride in belonging to the Army, which from the earliest history of our country has been the pioneer in its development. The Army nurse has a field which covers all of the humanities, a field wider and more far reaching because it ministers to men when they need it most, and goes beyond and fortifies the health of the individual as well as the state.



**A GLIMPSE INTO THE PAST**



## A TRIBUTE

THE old Walter Reed Hospital, with its unpretentious war-time shacks scattered around the beautiful Main Building, was often the scene of gay festivities, as it entertained the dignitaries of many countries, men famous for their skill in government, or for their ability to manipulate huge armies; men beloved for their kindness or for the quiet courage that unfalteringly obeys the order to "Carry On."

To these men and to the simple dignity of the Old Walter Reed we pay homage as we pass on, charging those who follow us not to lose its simplicity, its kindliness, its gay comraderie in the impressiveness of its new grandeur.

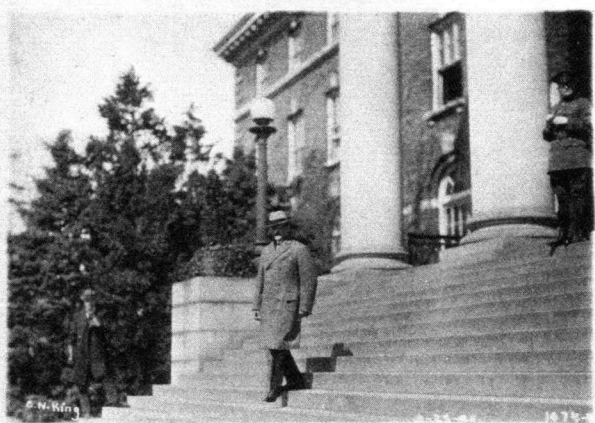
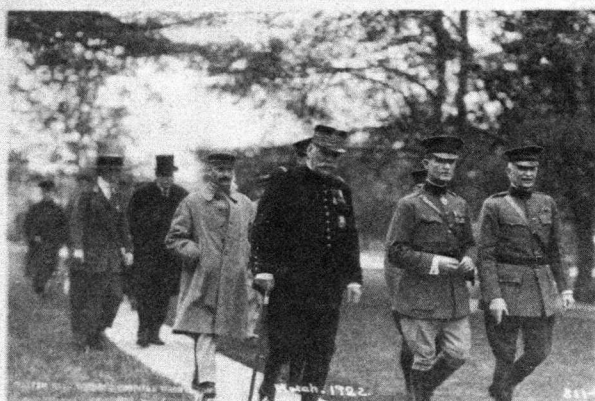
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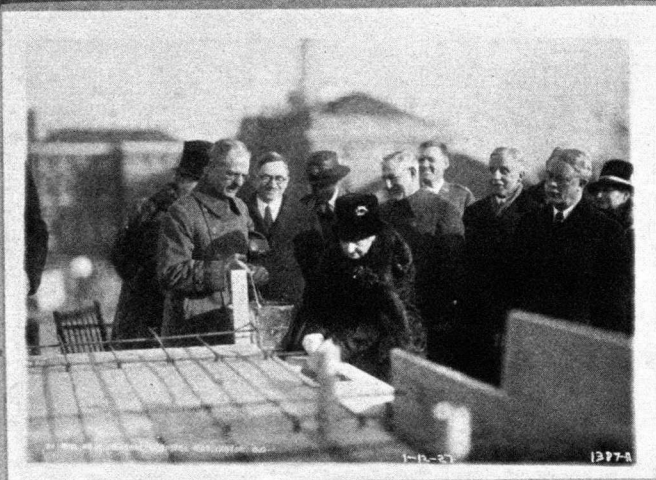


















WALTER REED HOSPITAL WASHINGTON, D.C.

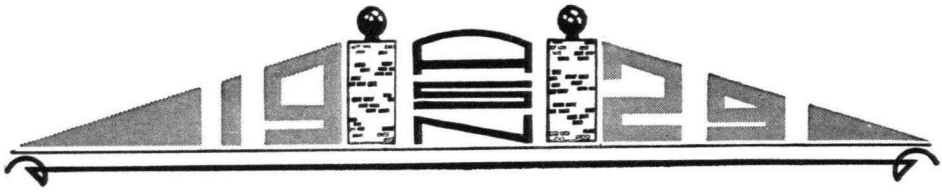
C. N. King  
624-17





*Carry On*





## OLD DAYS AT WALTER REED

W

I.

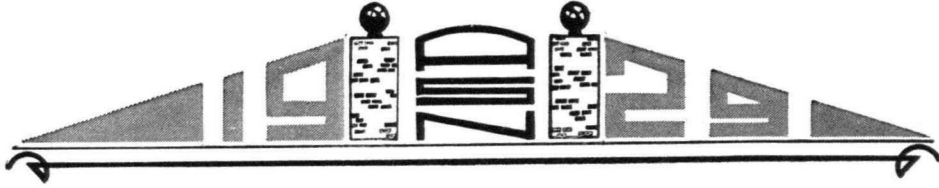
E have talked things over," said Miss Sally Johnson to the first entering class, "and we have decided that you are to wear caps from the very beginning. No one here is used to student nurses, and it will help people to understand your position."

Then came the "flu" epidemic. Classes were stopped, eight hour duty proclaimed as a minimum, and we tried to live up to our white caps.

I was on a medical ward when it began. We had one patient. I was envious of the students on the surgical wards, where overseas cases were coming in every day and there was no end of work. Then my charge nurse said, "Scrub the tables. We are to have more patients." I started to clean them, with all the painful care of a beginner, finishing perhaps a third before being sent off duty. I expected to clean the rest in like fashion after my return—but it was never to be. Patients had been admitted during my absence, and after that, we ran some ten admissions a day until the ward overflowed onto the porch and the porch overflowed into I don't know how many other wards. There were two corps men, Allen from Maine, and another fellow—young chaps. They put up a screen at one end of the porch and there they laid out the bodies while patients frantically rang their bells. "It's a great life if you don't weaken," quoted Allen from Maine.

Soon parents and wives arrived, brought flying by the emergency wires. God knows where they all slept and ate. "There is the Red Cross Hut," we told them vaguely, but we had no idea if there were beds. They came very quietly to the wards, put on the regulation masks and gowns, and slipped in to sit beside some cubicked bed. There was a Senator, I remember, who sprang up to help the nurse to move a screen or to administer cocoas and egg-nogs. There was Mrs. Mac who arrived on the scene when Mac, wholly delirious, was being restrained with a sheet to prevent his taking a walk to Washington. He calmed down the minute she appeared. Due to her sitting quietly there, he pulled through. Besides relations, there were others who helped us: the Red Cross Workers. We welcomed the first one like an angel of light. "Do write a letter for this man! Have you time to talk with the lady by bed 35? Her boy is dying, and we haven't a minute to spend with her." Later on, it was the Red Cross workers who opened an extra diet kitchen in the basement of Quarters 1, and brought clinking glasses of lemonade and dishes of ice cream to the fever stricken men. The Army Medical Center would blush now to accept such volunteer assistance, but there was a time—

Meanwhile, on surgical wards things went on as usual. Baths were given and nurses went off duty as per schedule. I was transferred to one, and the cleanliness of tables again became a matter of vast importance, as well as the appearance of empty beds. I divided all up-patients into two classes: those who didn't make their own beds



and those who did. Fellows hopping around on one leg, courteous, cheerful, brave till it nearly made one cry.

"That's all right. I can manage, nurse!"

"Let me help you turn the mattress!"

"I don't need to pull it all to pieces."

"But there will be wrinkles in the sheet."

"That doesn't matter. Why, I've slept in the trenches."

If the soldier not only made his bed but turned his mattress before he made it, we awarded him in our hearts the Crois de Guerre and the Legion of Honor.

After "inspection" came dressings, with twenty or thirty stumps laid on as many sterile towels, waiting for the doctor and the dressing cart. A dismal atmosphere you would have thought. Not a bit of it. Those were the days when men compared Walter Reed to front line hospitals or the trenches and thanked their lucky stars. Jokes ran up and down the wards like wildfire and tunes were on men's lips. I remember two chaps, two legs between them, singing responsively:

"Won't you forgive?"

(Interjected) "Never!"

"Won't you forget?"

(Emphatically) "Never!"

(Sentimentally) "I'm sorry, dear—"

(Pathetically) "So sorry, dear!"

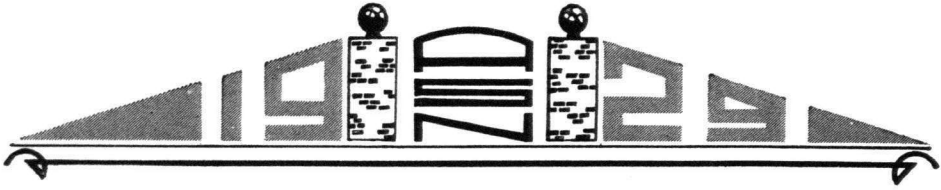
(Tragically) "I'm sorry I made you cry!"

There were mouth organs, guitars and phonographs and on one ward Klimic, the Pole, played Humoresque on his violin.

It was later, as the months wore on, and septic wounds would not heal in spite of Dakin's, that the atmosphere became gloomy. Men began to compare themselves, and no wonder, with chaps who had come out of the war unscathed and had gone happily to their homes. There was grouching on the wards and grouching in Quarters. There was not enough for us to do with graduate nurses pouring back from France. More than half the Army School packed up their bags and went home. The rest of us went home too—on vacations—wearing our street uniforms and traveling with tickets given us free by Uncle Sam.

DOROTHEA M. HUGHES,  
Class' 21.





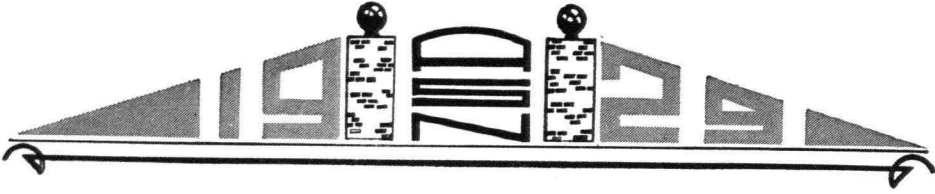
## II.

Army School days — at Walter Reed. Days vigorous, diligent, bustling with study, duty, fun. From that October 5th, 1921, when we, as members of the Class of 1924 gathered shyly in the dining room for our first Army "mess," to the memorable June afternoon when we marched proudly (yet with fast-pounding hearts), in the Formal Garden to receive our diplomas—a long procession of days whose imprints still are bright on Memory's pages.

There is the first day on the wards—how we strove for that calm aspect of efficiency!—but fingers turned to thumbs with the eyes of the patients upon us! Our first Christmas with its carol singing on the wards at dawn; the capping party—with next day's self-consciousness, that "feel" of the thing on the head! The first "scrub" in the operating room; that first day on "the cart." Then, affiliation—sad day of parting with the dear, familiar faces at Walter Reed, the nostalgia of those early days in other hospitals. Glad homecomings from these temporary exiles, with renewed delight in the dear "home" surroundings: Japanese cherry blossoms, dew-laden at dawn; Old Glory undulating in a gentle noontide breeze before the Main Building's stately columns; the bugle's plaintive note breaking night's calm, sounding taps. Army School training days abounding in comradeship, endeavor, achievement—which even a procession of years and three thousand miles of distance cannot dim for me, as I live again those days with the Class of 1924 at dear old Walter Reed.

IONE DE FRANCE COYLE,  
Class of '24.





## AU REVOIR



How time has flown—for now it's June—  
Our training days are past ;  
It seems to me that our three years  
Have gone by mighty fast.  
Oh! Class of '29, I see for you a future fair,  
Successful lives and bright careers,  
Devoid of trials and cares.  
I love you all—you're all so fine,  
You've made the grade so well ;  
You're made of stuff that gets there, dears,  
And time—in time—will tell.  
My friends, to say good-bye is sad ;  
But memory will stay ;  
And tho' we go to Earth's far ends,  
We'll meet again some day.  
And Walter Reed, our training school—  
Your Hospital—and mine—  
Clear and bright your memory  
In years to come will shine.  
The Clinic—cart—Ward 53 ;  
Remember O. P. 2?  
Good-bye—success and happiness  
And luck—for I love you.

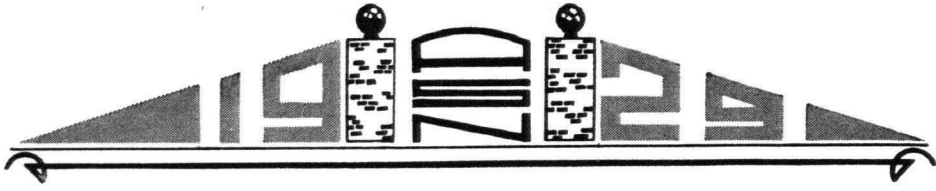
—D. D. D., '29





### *Taps*

*Fades the Light:  
And Afar  
Goeth Day,  
Cometh Night;  
And a Star  
Leadeth All,  
Speedeth All  
To Their Rest.*



## Acknowledgments

THE Editorial Board wishes to express its appreciation to all those who have co-operated in the preparation of the 1929 TAPS. We wish especially to thank

THE READ-TAYLOR COMPANY

MR. G. V. BUCK

and

MR. CLYDE HEATH

for their assistance.



⑥

Probationer working on Wd. 11 was asked to help in the dressing room.

Interne: "Will you see if you can find me another probe?"

Probie after looking around for about 15 minutes:

"I'm sorry, but I'm the only probe here."

⑥

Betty Ray after studying Anatomy conscientiously for about four hours:

"Well, if I haven't learned anything else, I have learned that there are 602 bones in the body."

⑥

Interne while making rounds with a probationer: "I'd like to see this patient's diagnosis."

Dot H.: "Just a minute and I'll have the orderly put up the screens."

⑥

# PAUL JONES

(U.S.A.N.C.)  
(Official)

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Let me ponder Pithecanthropus, let me ponder. Why the five dollar bill of course. You can double it when you put it in your pocket.

Right truly, Neanderthal, and when you take it out you will find it in-creases.

Experience is something  
we get when we are look-  
ing for something else.

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Doctor: "Oh, pretty good, but I wouldn't start reading any continued stories."



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Old Lady: So the angels brought you  
a new baby sister.

Elsie: To see the fuss nurse makes  
you'd think she came from Paris.

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"How come?"

"I woke up three times during a  
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First Ant: When scientists want to solve a problem they study us insects.

Second Ant: Yes, they stole our antenna secret for their radios.

Mosquito: But you haven't contributed any secrets which will save a human from death like we have.

Ants: What did you do?

Mosquito: Well, a mosquito performed the first successful blood transfusion.



"I don't want to say such long prayers," said a little girl the other night; "I want to say nice short ones like nurseie does."

"What kind does nurseie say?" inquired her mother.

"Oh, she just says, 'Oh, Lord, why do I have to get up?'"



The colonel of an Irish Regiment was bawling out a private for cowardice in battle.

"Well, Pat, have you anything to say?"

"Please, sor, before we went into action you said, 'Strike for home and country,' and I struck for home."





